



Heins p. 1725

J. Vertue Sculp.



Heins p. 1725

G. Vertue Sculp.



# P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

---

By *WILLIAM BROOME*,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable CHARLES  
Lord CORNWALLIS, Baron of *Eyre*, Warden,  
Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre, of all His  
Majesty's Parks, &c. on the South Side of *Trent*.

---

— *Nos otia vite*  
*Solamur Cantu.*

S T A T.

---



L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the *Cross-Keys* between the *Temple-Gates*, in *Fleetstreet*.  
M.DCC.XXVII.

P O E M S

OF

BY WILLIAM LUTON

Author of "The History of the  
British Museum," &c.



Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, 11, Strand.

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, 11, Strand.

1800



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
*Lord Viscount Townshend,*  
One of His MAJESTY'S

Principal Secretaries of State,  
AND  
KNIGHT of the most Noble Order  
of the GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

**A**Ddresses of this Nature are Im-  
positions laid upon the Great,  
for being Eminent. An Illus-  
trious Character, while it commands Ad-  
A 3 miration,

miration, has this Inconvenience in it, that it exposes those who possess it, to the pain of being told of it: the Sun must attract some Vapours, and the lustre with which you adorn the high Sphere where you move, tho' it be your Glory, yet lays you under a Necessity of bearing some Disadvantages from other Men's Presumption.

Thus, MY LORD, I freely acknowledge my Crime, and rely entirely upon your Candour for a Pardon; tho' indeed to speak of Favours receiv'd from Great Men, is an Ostentatious kind of Gratitude, it intimates a sense of Merit in the receivers, who seem willing to persuade the World that there must be some desert, when they  
are



# DEDICATION. vii

are honour'd with a noble Patronage. This I have ever esteem'd a Boast rather than an Acknowledgment: I have therefore presum'd to dedicate these Poems to a Person to whom I am entirely unknown: A Circumstance, which indeed necessitates me to be silent about the more amiable part of your Life, the Virtues of your Retirement; yet gives me this Advantage, that when I speak of you as a public Blessing to Mankind, I shall find the easier Credit, since three Kingdoms, nay, all *Europe*, are Witnesses of it: But this is the Work of an Historian, the Character of the Great Statesman, and Stedfast Patriot, will adorn many Pages of our future Annals, and the Name of TOWNSHEND, will be read with that of *Burleigh, Walsingham,*

*singham*, and *Godolphin*, by our latest Posterity. Permit me only as a common Subject, to congratulate my Country for the Felicity we enjoy, for our Reputation abroad, and our Tranquillity at home. A Tranquillity truly valuable, because it is not in the Power of our Enemies to disturb it; should they have the rashness to attempt it, we may reasonably expect that they will soon be convinc'd by their own Disappointments, that it is dangerous to irritate a fierce and valiant People, when directed by your steady and mature Counsels.

My LORD, The World has lately been eminently convinc'd of the Power of *Great Britain*: They have seen us cut off the Intercourse between *Eu-  
rope*

# DEDICATION. ix

*rope* and the *Indies* with our Fleets, and at the same time besiege two mighty Nations, *Spain* and *Russia*, within their own Territories. The Glory of this, my LORD, redounds to the whole Nation, but it would be Ingratitude not to give those who preside in our Counsels their share of Honour; and then I leave the World to judge how great a Portion of it is due to the Lord TOWNSHEND.

Neither is it the least part of our Happiness, that while we are the Terror or Envy of other Nations, every good Man sees with Pleasure the Care you take of Literature; the Streams of Royal Bounty have been deriv'd to both our \* Universities: They are not,

\* The Foundation for modern Languages, &c.

my

my LORD, planted in an ungrateful Soil : and I doubt not but the Nation will reap a very plentiful Harvest of sound Learning and Loyalty from this late Cultivation.

But I transgress ; every Moment I detain you hinders you from doing some useful or generous Action : I will therefore only ask Pardon for this Presumption, and beg You to grant me the Honour to stile my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's,

*Stuston near Eye  
in Suffolk, January  
the 16th, 1726.*

Most Obedient,

and most Humble

Servant,

*William Broome.*





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THE  
PREFACE:  
BEING

*An Essay on Criticism.*



A M very sensible that many hard Circumstances attend all Authors: If they write ill, they are sure to be used with Contempt; if well, too often with Envy. Some Men, even while they improve themselves with the Sentiments of others,

B

## 2 *Essay on Criticism.*

thers, rail at their Benefactors, and while they gather the Fruit, tear the Tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere Idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle Men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing Poems; all human Works must fall short of Perfection, and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: However, I am not like those Authors, who, out of a false Modesty, complain of the Imperfections of their own Works, yet would take it very ill, if the World should believe them: I will not add Hypocrisy to my other Faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the Reader to an Entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furnish'd out the Table according to my  
best



② Hence it appears, that Broom  
apostrophized Pope in his Comment  
on the *Iliad* See Johnson. Life

### Essay on Criticism. 3

best abilities, if not with Elegance, yet with Variety; at least the whole is Innocent, and no Poison in it to give him any apprehension.

BUT since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the World in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a Poet, but a Critic; that if my Credit should fail as a Poet, I may have recourse to my Remarks upon *Homer*, and be pardon'd for my Industry as the Annotator in part upon the *Iliad*, and entirely upon the *Odyssey*. (D)

### Of Criticism.

I WILL therefore offer a few things upon Criticism in general, a Study very necessary, but fal'n into contempt through the

of Broom, who abuse to say that he translated Euclid  
things for Pope. H. P. L.

#### 4 *Essay on Criticism.*

abuse of it. At the restoration of Learning, it was particularly necessary; Authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the Ignorance and Barbarism of preceding Ages: it was therefore very requisite that they should be polish'd by a Critical Hand, and restor'd to their original Purity: In this consists the Office of Critics; but instead of making Copies agreeable to the Manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures; and from this licence arise most of the various readings, the burthens of modern Editions: whereas Books are like Pictures, they may be new varnish'd, but not a feature is to be alter'd, and every Stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance; and the Original is no longer an  
*Homer*

*Essay on Criticism.* 5

*Homer* or a *Virgil*, but a mere ideal Person, the Creature of the Editor's Fancy. Whoever deviates from this Rule, does not correct, but corrupt his Author: And therefore since most Books worth reading have now good Impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of *Criticism*; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of Life to repair the ruins of a decay'd Word, to trouble the World with vain niceties about a Letter, or a Syllable, or the transposition of a Phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned Triflers are mere Weeders of an Author, they collect the Weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the Herbs and Flowers: It would be of more advantage to Mankind when once an Author is faithfully

## 6 *Essay on Criticism.*

published, to turn our Thoughts from the Words to the Sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A Skill in verbal *Criticism* is in reality but a Skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best Critic who guesses best: A mighty attainment! And yet with what Pomp is a trivial Alteration usher'd into the World? Such Writers are like \* *Caligula*, who rais'd a mighty Army, and alarm'd the whole World, and then led it to gather Cockleshells. In short, the question is not what the Author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different

\* Postremo, quasi perpetraturus bellum directâ acie in littore Oceani, ac ballistis machinisque dispositis, nemine gnaro ac opinante quidnam cepturus esset, repente ut Conchas legerent, galeasque & sinus replerent, imperavit; Et indicium Victoriæ altissimam turrem excitavit. *Suetonius.*



## *Essay on Criticism.* 7

Word will agree with the sense, and turn of the Period, but whether it was used by the Author; If it was, it has a good Title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the Manuscript ought to be follow'd rather than the fancy of the Editor: for can a Modern be a better Judge of the Language of the purest of the Antients, than those Antients who wrote it in the greatest purity? Besides, of what use is verbal *Criticism* when once we have a faithful Edition? It embarrasses the Reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his Proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the Author to the Editor: it encreases the expence of Books, and makes us pay an high price for Trifles, and often for Absurdities. I will only add, with Sir *Henry Saville*, that various Lec-

## 8 *Essay on Criticism.*

tions are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first Editions of Books as most correct, because least corrected.

### *Of Partial Critics.*

THERE are other Critics who think themselves obliged to see no Imperfections in their Author ; from the moment they undertake his Cause, they look upon him, as a Lover upon his Mistress, he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties : This, indeed, is a well-natur'd Error, but still blameable, because it misguides the Judgment : Such Critics act no less erroneously, than a Judge who should resolve to acquit a Person whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his Trial. It is frequent for the partial  
Critic

## *Essay on Criticism.* 9

Critic to praise the Work as he likes the Author; he admires a Book as an Antiquary a Medal, solely from the impression of the Name, and not from the intrinsic Value; the copper of a favourite Writer shall be more esteem'd than the finest gold of a less acceptable Author: for this reason many Persons have chosen to publish their works without a Name, and by this Method, like *Apelles*, who stood unseen behind his own *Venus*, have receiv'd a praise, which perhaps might have been deny'd if the Author had been visible.

### *Of Envious and Malicious Critics.*

**B**UT there are other Critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as Criminals whom they

## 10 *Essay on Criticism.*

they try : they dwell only on the faults of an Author, and endeavour to raise a Reputation by dispraising every thing that other Men praise ; they have an antipathy to a shining Character, like some Animals, that hate the Sun only because of its brightness : it is a Crime with them to excel ; they are a kind of *Tartars* in Learning, who seeing a Person of distinguish'd Qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their Adversary. I never look into one of these Critics but he puts me in mind of a Giant in Romance : the glory of the Giant consists in the number of the Limbs of Men whom he has destroy'd ; that of the Critic in viewing

---Dis-



## Essay on Criticism. II

---*Disjecti membra Poeta.* Hor.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an Author with a few flowers, as the Antients those Victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies *Criticism* as if it extended only to dispraise; a practice, which when most successful, is least desirable. A Painter might justly be thought to have a perverse Imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious Critics to attack the Writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fair-

## 12 *Essay on Criticism.*

fairest Fruits, and hope to spread their own Works by uniting them to those of their Adversary. But this is like \* *Mezentius* in *Virgil*, to join a dead carcass to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natur'd Mind with detestation: their Malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their Enemy's Merit, and shew him to be an Heroe by turning all their Weapons against him. These Writers bring to my memory a passage in the *Iliad*, where all the inferior Powers, the *Plebs Superum*, or Rabble of the Sky, are fancy'd to unite their endeavours to pull *Jupiter* down to the Earth: but by the attempt

\* *Mortua quinetiam jungebat Corpora vivis,  
Compnens manibusque manus atque oribus ora  
Tormenti genus!*—— *Virg. Æn. 8. 485.*

they

## *Essay on Criticism.* 13

they only betray their own inability; *Jupiter* is still *Jupiter*, and by their weak Efforts they manifest his Superiority.

MODESTY is essential to true *Criticism*: no Man has a title to be a Dictator in Knowledge, and the sense of our own Infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious Critic ought to consider, that if the Authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their Ashes with insolence: that it is cruelty to summon, implead and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations: If the Authors be alive, the common Laws of Society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's Reputation; We ought modestly  
to

## 14 *Essay on Criticism.*

to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for Truth, not Victory: and yet the envious Critic is like the Tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their Enemies were made a public Spectacle, and dragg'd in triumph at their Chariot-Wheels: But what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the Calamities of their Fellow-Creatures? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from *Criticism*; I would only have it circumscribed within the Rules of Candour and Humanity: Writers may be told of their Errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a Friend, not the malice and passion of an Enemy; Boys may be whip'd into sense, but Men are to be guided with reason.



*Essay on Criticism.* 15

IF we grant the malicious Critic all that he claims, and allow him to have prov'd his Adversary's dulness, and his own acute-ness, yet as long as there is Virtue in the World, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but Arrogance is a Crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his Adversary? and tho' he be a better Critic, yet proves himself to be a worse Man? Besides, no one is to be envy'd the Skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties: What advantage is such a quicksighted-ness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain,  
while

## 16 *Essay on Criticism.*

while others receive a pleasure : they resemble the second-sighted People in *Scotland*, who are fabled to see more than other Persons ; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of Horror, Ghosts and Apparitions.

BUT it is time to end, tho' I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for Candor in *Criticism*, through a consciousness of my own deficiency : I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a Pardon, I may find so much mercy from my Judges, as to be condemn'd to suffer without inhumanity : But whatever be the fate of these Works, they have prov'd of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant Solitude ; Providence

*Essay on Criticism.* 17

dence has been pleased to lead me out of the great Roads of Life, into a private Path; where, tho' we have leisure to chuse the smoothest Way, yet we are all sure to meet many Obstacles in the Journey: I have found Poetry an innocent Companion, and Support from the Fatigues of it; How long, or how short the future Stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a Folly to be over-sollicitous about it: he that lives the longest, has but the small Privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his Grave; what we call Living, is in reality but a longer Time of Dying: And if these Verses prove as short-liv'd as their Author, it is a Loss not worth regretting: They only die, as they were born, in Obscurity.

C

The







The THIRD CHAPTER of

H A B B A K K U K

P A R A P H R A S E D.

An O D E.

---

*Written in 1710, as an EXERCISE at,  
St. JOHN'S College in Cambridge.*

---

I.

WHEN in a glorious terrible Array,  
From lofty *Paran* the Almighty took his way ;  
Born on a Cherub's Wings he rode,  
Intolerable Day proclaim'd the God ;

No earthly Cloud  
 Could his effulgent Brightness shroud :  
 Glory, and Majesty, and Pow'r,  
 March'd in a dreadful Pomp before ;  
 Behind a grim, and meagre Train,  
     Pining Sickness, frantic Pain,  
 Stalk'd wildly on ! with all the dismal Band,  
 Which Heav'n in Anger sends to scourge a guilty  
     Land.

## II.

With Terror cloath'd, he downward flew,  
 And wither'd half the Nations with a View ;  
 Th' astonish'd Nations were afraid,  
 And at his Presence fled :  
     And when he spoke,  
 The everlasting Hills from their Foundations shook ;  
 The trembling Mountains, by a lowly Nod,  
 With Rev'rence struck, confess'd the God :  
On

On *Sion's* holy Hill he took his Stand,  
Grasping Omnipotence in his right Hand ;

Then mighty Earthquakes rock'd the Ground,  
And the Sun darken'd as he frown'd :  
He dealt Affliction from his Van,  
And wild Confusion from his Rear ;  
They thro' the Tents of *Cushan* ran,  
The Tents of *Cushan* quak'd with Fear,  
And *Midian* trembled with Despair.

I see ! his Sword wave naked in the Air ;  
It sheds around a baleful Ray,  
The Rains pour down, the Lightnings play,  
And on their Wings vindictive Thunders bear.

III.

When thro' the mighty Flood,  
He led the murmuring Croud,  
What ail'd the Rivers that they backward fled ?  
Why was the mighty Flood afraid ?

March'd He against the Rivers? or was He,

Thou mighty Flood! displeas'd at thee?

The Flood beheld from far,

The Deity in all his Equipage of War;

He saw him, and his Tide

Congcal'd with Fear, forgot to glide,

And stood a crystal Wall from side to side;

*Arabia's Sands,*

Lonely, uncomfortable Lands!

Where no refreshing-Rain,

No kindly Dews delight the Swain,

Oppose their fiery Coasts in vain.

See! the great Prophet stand,

Waving his Wonder-working Wand!

He strikes the stubborn Rock, and lo!

The stubborn Rock feels the Almighty Blow;

His stony Entrails burst, and rushing Torrents flow.



IV.

Then did the Sun his fiery Coursers stay,  
And backward held the falling Day ;  
The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,  
And urge the lazy Hours on.  
Time hung his unexpanded Wings,  
And all the secret Springs  
That carry on the Year,  
Stopp'd in their full Career :  
Then the astonish'd Moon,  
Forgot her going down ;  
And paler grew,  
The dismal Scene to view,  
How thro' the trembling *Pagan* Nation,  
Th' Almighty Ruin dealt, and ghastly Desolation.

## V.

But oh! why does th' Almighty frown,

And look with Indignation down?

And why, O *Sion*, reigns

Such Desolation o'er thy Plains?

Lo! how embattled *Babylon*

Like an unruly Deluge rushes on!

Lo! the Field with Millions swarms!

I hear their Shouts! their clashing Arms!

Now the conflicting Hosts engage,

With more than mortal Rage!—

Oh! Heav'n! I faint—I die!—

The yielding Pow'rs of *Israel* fly!

For thee how do I mourn!

What Pangs for thee I feel!

Ah! how art thou become the *Pagans* Scorn,

Lovely, unhappy *Israel*?

A shivering Damp invades my Heart,  
A trembling Horror shoots thro' every Part;  
My nodding Frame can scarce sustain  
Th' oppressive Load I undergo.

Speechless I sigh! the envious Woe  
Forbids the very Pleasure to complain:

Forbids my fault'ring Tongue to tell

What Pangs for thee I feel,  
Lovely, unhappy *Israel!*

VI.

Yet tho' the Fig-Tree shou'd no Burthen bear,  
Tho' Vines delude the Promise of the Year;  
Yet tho' the Olive should not yield her Oil,  
Nor the parch'd Glebe reward the Peasant's Toil,  
Tho' the tir'd Ox beneath his Labours fall,  
And Herds in Millions perish from the Stall;

Yet

Yet shall my grateful Strings '  
For ever praise thy Name,  
For ever thee proclaim,  
Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of Kings.



To





To BELINDA,  
*On her Sickness, and Recovery.*

SURE never Pain such Beauty wore,  
Or look'd so amiable before!

You Graces give to a Disease,  
Adorn the Pain, and make it please;  
Thus burning Incense sheds Perfumes,  
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can ev'n Sickness, which difarms  
All other Nymphs, destroy your Charms;

A

A thousand Beauties you can spare,  
And still be fairest of the Fair.

But see the Pain begins to fly,  
Tho' *Venus* bled, she could not die;  
See! the new *Phœnix* point her Eyes,  
And lovelier from her Ashes rise:  
Thus Roses when the Storm is o'er,  
Look fresher, than they look'd before.

Welcome ye Hours! which thus repay  
What envious Sicknefs stole away!  
Welcome as those which kindly bring,  
And usher in the joyous Spring;  
That to the smiling Earth restore  
The beauteous Herb, and blooming Flow'r,  
And give her all the Charms she lost  
By wint'ry Storms, and hoary Frost!

And

And yet how well did she sustain,  
And greatly triumph o'er, her Pain ?  
So Flow'rs, when blasting Winds invade,  
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her Cheeks, and radiant Eyes,  
New Blushes glow, new Lightnings rise ;  
Behold a thousand Charms succeed,  
For which a thousand Hearts must bleed !  
Brighter from her Disease she shines,  
As Fire the precious Gold refines.

Thus when the silent Grave becomes  
Pregnant with Life, as fruitful Wombs,  
When the wide Seas, and spacious Earth,  
Resign us to our second Birth ;

Our

Our moulder'd Frame rebuilt assumes  
New Beauty, and for ever blooms;  
And crown'd with Youth's immortal Pride,  
We Angels rise, who Mortals dy'd.







To BELINDA,  
On her Apron embroider'd with  
Arms and Flowers.

I.

THE list'ning Trees *Amphion* drew  
To dance from Hills, where once they grew;  
But you express a Pow'r more great,  
The Flow'rs you draw not, but create.

2.

Behold your own Creation rise,  
And smile beneath your radiant Eyes!  
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives  
From you more Graces than it gives.

3.

3.

But say, amid the softer Charms  
Of blooming Flow'rs, what mean these Arms ?  
So round the Fragrance of the Rose,  
The pointed Thorn, to guard it, grows.

4.

But cruel you, who thus employ  
Both Arms and Beauty to destroy !  
So *Venus* marches to the Fray  
In Armour formidably gay.

5.

It is a dreadful pleasing Sight !  
The Flow'rs attract, the Arms affright ;  
The Flow'rs with lively Beauty bloom,  
The Arms denounce an instant Doom.

6.

6.

So when the *Britons* in array  
Their Ensigns to the Sun display,  
In the same Flag are Lillies shown,  
And angry Lions sternly frown;  
On high the glitt'ring Standard flies,  
And conquers all Things—like your Eyes.



D

Part



*Part of the 38th and 39th  
Chapters of Job.*

A P A R A P H R A S E.

NOW from the Splendors of his bright Abode  
On Storms and Whirlwinds down th' Al-  
mighty rode,

And the loud Voice of Thunder spoke the God.  
He stretch'd his dark Pavilion o'er the Floods,  
Harnes'd the Winds, and rein'd the dusky Clouds;  
Then from his awful Gloom the Godhead spoke,  
And at his Voice affrighted Nature shook.

Vain Man ! who boldly with dim Reason's Ray  
Vies with his God, and rivals his full Day,

But



But tell me now, say how this beauteous Frame  
 Of all Things, from the Womb of Nothing came ;  
 When Nature's Lord with one Almighty Call  
 From no where rais'd the World's capacious Ball ?  
 Say if thy Hand directs the various Rounds  
 Of the vast Earth, and circumscribes its Bounds,  
 How the revolving Spheres amid the Sky,  
 In Consort move, and dance in Harmony ?  
 Why the vast Tide sometimes with wanton Play  
 In shining Mazes gently glides away ;  
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous Stores  
 Comes rousing down, and tumbles to the Shores ?  
 By thy Command does fair *Aurora* rise,  
 And gild with purple Beams the blushing Skies ?  
 The warbling Lark salutes her chearful Ray,  
 And welcomes with his Song the rising Day ;

The rising Day ambrosial Dew distils,  
Th' ambrosial Dew with balmy Odour fills  
The Flow'rs, the Flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles.  
Why awful Night begins her solemn Round,  
With all the Majesty of Darkness crown'd ?  
Now busy Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,  
Hush'd is the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep ;  
No Air of Breath disturbs the drowzy Woods,  
No Whispers murmur from the silent Floods ;  
The Silver Moon sheds down a trembling Light,  
And glads the melancholy Face of Night :  
The Stars in order twinkle in the Skies,  
And fall in Silence, and in Silence rise ;  
Till as a Giant strong, a Bridegroom gay,  
The Sun springs dancing thro' the Gates of Day :  
He shakes his dewy Locks, and hurls his Beams  
O'er the proud Hills, and warms the Eastern  
Streams:

His fiery Coursers bound above the Main,  
 And whirl the Car along th' ethereal Plain :  
 The fiery Coursers and the Car display  
 A Stream of Glory, and a Flood of Day.  
 Did e'er thy Eye descend into the Deep,  
 Or hast thou seen where Infant Tempests sleep?  
 Was e'er the Grave or Regions of the Night,  
 Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy Sight?  
 Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy State,  
 The Ghastly Forms, the various Woes that wait  
 In terrible array before her awful Gate?  
 Know'st thou where Darkness bears eternal Sway,  
 Or where the Source of everlasting Day?  
 Why *Eurus* fans the Eastern Regions, born  
 On the gay Coursers of the balmy Morn?  
 Say, why sometimes the gentle Evening Breeze  
 Sleeps on the Waves, or murmurs thro' the Trees;

D 3

Or

His

Or why the Winds sometimes their Pinions try,  
Whisk o'er the Plain, and battle in the Sky?  
On ruddy Wings why forky Lightning flies,  
And rousing Thunder grumbles in the Skies?  
Knowst thou why Comets threaten in the Air,  
Heralds of Woe, Destruction and Despair,  
The Plague, the Sword, and all the Forms of War?  
Say, why the driving Hail with rushing Sound  
Pours from on high, and rattles on the Ground?  
Why hover Snows, and wanton in the Air,  
Fall by degrees, and cloath the hoary Year?  
Say, why in lucid Drops the balmy Rain  
With glittering Gems impearls the shining Plain,  
Or wand'ring thro' the Vale, in rills it flows,  
And on each Flow'r a sudden Spring bestows?  
Say, can thy Voice when sultry *Sirius* reigns,  
Flames in the Air, and cleaves the glowing Plains,



Th' exhausted Urns of thirsty Springs supply,  
And mitigate the Féver of the Sky ?  
Or when the Heav'ns are charg'd with gloomy Clouds, /  
And half the Skies precipitate in Floods, >  
Chafe the dark Horror of the Storm away,  
Restrain the Deluge, and restore the Day ?  
By thee does Summer deck herself with Charms,  
Or hoary Winter lock his frozen Arms ?  
Does the pale Lilly, or the blushing Rose,  
By thee their Bosoms to the Morn disclose ?  
Do Fruits from thee receive their various Hue,  
Sweet to the Smell, or pleasant to the View ?  
Say, why the Sun arrays with shining Dyes  
The gaudy Bow that gilds the gloomy Skies ?  
He from his Urn pours forth his golden Streams,  
And humid Clouds imbibe the glitt'ring Beams ;  
Sweetly the varying Colours fade or rise,  
And the vast Arch embraces half the Skies.

Say, canst thou rule the Coursers of the Sun,  
Or lash the lazy Sign, *Boötes* on ?  
Dost thou instruct the Eagle how to fly,  
To mount the viewless Winds, and tow'r the Sky ?  
On sounding Pinions born, he soars, and shrouds  
His proud aspiring Head among the Clouds;  
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his Prey, }  
He sails in triumph thro' th' ethereal Way, }  
Bears on the Sun, and basks in open Day. }  
Does the dread King, and Terror of the Wood,  
The Lion, from thy Hand expect his Food ?  
Stung with keen Hunger from his Den he comes,  
Ranges the Plains, and o'er the Forest roams;  
He snuffs the Track of Beasts, he fiercely roars,  
Doubling the Horrors of the midnight Hours;  
With fullen Majesty he stalks away,  
And the Rocks tremble while he seeks his Prey :

Dreadful

Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage Brood  
With unsheath'd Paws, and churns the spouting  
Blood.

Dost thou with Thunder arm the generous Horse,  
Add nervous Limbs, or Swiftneſs for the Courſe ?  
Fleet as the Wind, he ſhoots along the Plain,  
And knows no Check, nor hears the curbing  
Rein ;

His fiery Eye-balls formidably bright,  
Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light,  
Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms, and Trumpets  
Sound,

He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling  
Ground ;

He ſnuffs the promis'd Battle from afar,  
Neighs at the Captains Shouts, and Thunder of the  
War :

Rous'd

Rous'd with the noble Din and martial Sight,  
He pants with Tumults of severe Delight;  
His sprightly Blood an even Course disdains,  
Pours from his Heart, and charges in his Veins;  
He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow,  
Demands the Fight, and rushes on the Foe.







MELANCHOLY:

An O D E,

*Occasion'd by the Death of a  
beloved Daughter, 1723.*

I.

**A** DIEU vain Mirth, and noisy Joys!

Ye gay Desires, deluding Toys!

Thou thoughtful Melancholy deign

To hide me in thy pensive Train!

II.

## II.

If by the Fall of murmuring Floods,  
Where awful Shades embrown the Woods,  
Or if where Winds in Caverns groan,  
Thou wand'rest silent and alone,

## III.

Come, blisful Mourner, wisely sad,  
In Sorrow's Garb, in Sable clad,  
Henceforth, thou Care, my Hours employ !  
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my Joy !

## IV.

By Tombs where fullen Spirits stalk,  
Familiar with the Dead I walk ;  
While to my Sighs and Groans by turns,  
From Graves the midnight Echo mourns.

## V.

V.

Open thy marble Jaws, O Tomb,  
Thou Earth conceal me in thy Womb!  
And you, ye Worms, this Frame confound,  
Ye Brother Reptiles of the Ground.

VI.

O Life, frail Offspring of a Day!  
'Tis puff'd with one short Gasp away!  
Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r it flies,  
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

VII.

With Cries we usher in our Birth,  
With Groans resign our transient Breath:  
While round, stern Ministers of Fate,  
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.

VIII.

## VIII.

While Childhood reigns, the sportive Boy  
Learns only prettily to toy ;  
And while he roves from Play to Play,  
The Wanton trifles Life away.

## IX.

When to the Noon of Life we rise,  
The Man grows elegant in Vice ;  
To glorious Guilt in Courts he climbs,  
Vilely judicious in his Crimes.

## X.

When Youth and Strength in Age are lost,  
Man seems already half a Ghost ;  
Wither'd, and wan, to Earth he bows,  
A walking Hospital of Woes.

## XI.



XI.

O! Happiness, thou empty Name!  
Say, art thou bought by Gold or Fame?  
What art thou Gold, but shining Earth?  
Thou common Fame, but common Breath?

XII.

If Virtue contradict the Voice  
Of publick Fame, Applause is Noise;  
Ev'n Victors are by Conquest curst,  
The bravest Warrior is the worst.

XIII.

Come then, O Friend of virtuous Woe,  
With solemn Pace, demure, and slow:  
Lo! sad and serious, I pursue  
Thy Steps——adieu, vain World, adieu!

Daphnis



# Daphnis and Lycidas.

A

## P A S T O R A L.

*They sing the different Success  
and Absence of their Loves.*

---

To the Right Honourable the Lord  
TOWNSHEND, Knight of the most  
Noble Order of the Garter, and Prin-  
cipal Secretary of State to his Ma-  
jesty, &c.

---

— *Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ.*

VIRG.

---

### D A P H N I S.

**H**OW calm the Evening! see the falling Day  
Gilds every Mountain with a ruddy Ray!

In gentle Sighs the softly whisp'ring Breeze  
Salutes the Flow'rs, and waves the trembling Trees;

Hark!

Hark ! the Night Warbler from yon vocal Boughs,  
 Glads every Valley with melodious Woes !  
 Swift thro' the Air her Rounds the Swallow takes,  
 Or sportive skims the Level of the Lakes.  
 See ! how yon Swans, with snowy Pride elate,  
 Arch their high Necks, and sail along in State !  
 Thy frisking Lambkins wanton o'er the Plain,  
 And the glad Season claims a gladsome Strain.  
 Begin——Ye Echoes listen to the Song,  
 And with its sweetness pleas'd, each Note prolong !

LYCIDAS.

Sing Muse——and thou, O *Townshend*, deign to  
 view

What the Muse sings, the Song to Thee is due !  
 The Godlike *Scipio*, on whose Cares reclin'd,  
 The Burthen and Repose of half Mankind,

E

In

In humble Solitude with *Ennius* stray'd,  
The World forgot, beneath the Lawrel Shade;  
Dismiss a while the splendid Cares of State,  
In private Happy, as in publick Great.  
Feed round my Goats, ye Sheep in safety graze,  
Ye Winds breathe gently while I tune my Lays.

The joyous Spring draws nigh! ambrosial Show'rs  
Unbind the Earth, the Earth unbinds the Flow'rs,  
The Flow'rs blow sweet, the Daffadils unfold  
The spreading Glories of their blooming Gold.

## D A P H N I S.

As the gay Hours advance, the Blossoms shoot,  
The knitting Blossoms harden into Fruit,  
And as the Autumn by degrees ensues,  
The mellowing Fruits display their streaky Hues.



LYCIDAS.

When the Winds whistle, and the Tempest roars,  
When foaming Billows lash the sounding Shores;  
The bloomy Beauties of the Pastures die,  
And in gay heaps of fragrant Ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

When glittering Snow incessant downward pours,  
And brightens the dull Air with shining Show'rs;  
The Forest bends beneath the fleecy Load,  
And Icy Fetters bind the solid Flood.

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the Spring, and gay the Summer Hours,  
When balmy Odours breathe from painted Flow'rs;  
But neither sweet the Spring, nor Summer gay,  
When she I love, my Charmer is away.

## D A P H N I S.

I love, and ever shall my Love remain,  
The fairest, kindest Virgin of the Plain;  
With equal Passion her soft Bosom glows,  
Feels the sweet Pains, and shares the heav'nly Woes.

## L Y C I D A S.

With a feign'd Passion, she I love, beguiles,  
And gayly false the dear Dissembler smiles;  
But let her still those blest Deceits employ,  
Still may she feign and cheat me into Joy,

## D A P H N I S.

On yonder Bank the yielding Nymph reclin'd,  
Gods! how transported I, and she how kind!  
There rise ye Flow'rs, and there your Pride display,  
There shed your Odours where the Fair-one lay.

LYCIDAS.

O'er the steep Mountain, and the flow'ry Mead,  
From my Embraces the coy Wanton fled ;  
Till by yon Stream restrain'd, she panting stood,  
I seiz'd the Captive, and I blest the Flood.

DAPHNIS.

From me, my Fair-one fled, dissembling play,  
And in the dark conceal'd the Wanton lay ;  
But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing Sound  
She only hid, in secret to be found.

LYCIDAS.

Far hence to happier Climes *Belinda* strays,  
But in my Breast her lovely Image stays ;  
O! to these Plains again, bright Nymph, repair,  
Or from my Breast far hence thy Image bear !

## D A P H N I S.

If in the murmuring Stream be thy Delight,  
 If the gay Rose, or Lilly please thy Sight;  
 Here the Stream murmurs, here the Roses glow,  
 Here the proud Lillies rise, to shade thy Brow.

## L Y C I D A S.

Where'er she roves, ye Winds, around her play,  
 Where'er she treads, ye Flow'rs, adorn her way;  
 From sultry Suns, ye Groves, my Fair-one keep,  
 Ye bubbling Fountains, murmur to her Sleep!

## D A P H N I S.

Come, *Delia*, come, till *Delia* blefs these Seats,  
 Hide me, ye Groves, within your dark Retreats!  
 In hollow Groans, ye Winds, around me blow!  
 Ye bubbling Fountains, murmur to my Woe!



LYCIDAS.

Aid me ye Muses, while I loud proclaim  
 What Love inspires, and sing *Belinda's* Name :  
 Waft it, ye Breezes, to the Hills around,  
 And sport, ye Echoes, with the favourite Sound.

DAPHNIS.

Thy Name, my *Delia*, shall improve my Song,  
 The pleasing Labour of my ravish'd Tongue :  
 Her Name to Heav'n propitious Zephyrs bear,  
 And breathe it to her kindred Angels there!

LYCIDAS.

But see! the Night displays her starry Train,  
 Soft Silver Dews impearl the glitt'ring Plain ;  
 An awful Horrour fills the gloomy Woods,  
 And bluish Mists rise from the smoking Floods ;

Haste, DAPHNIS, haste to fold thy woolly  
Care,

And guard the Younglings from th' unwholesome  
Air.



*On the Death of a Friend.*

**A**S when the King of Peace and Lord of Love,  
Sends down some brighter Angel from above,  
Pleas'd with the Beauties of the Heav'nly Guest,  
Awhile we view him in full Glory drest ;  
But he, impatient from his Heav'n to stay,  
Soon disappears, and wings his airy Way :  
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,  
And shine triumphant in thy native Sphere.

Yet hadst thou all that Virtue can bestow,  
What the Good practise, and the Learned know ;  
All that the Soul to Extasy inspires,  
When lost in Love, she pleasingly retires ;

Such

Such Transports as those heav'nly Mortals share,  
Who know not whether they are mounted there,  
Or have brought Heav'n to meet them in a Pray'r.

How shall I praise, how make thy Virtues known,  
By every Tongue commended, but thy own?  
Strong were thy Thoughts, yet Reason bore the sway,  
Humble, yet learn'd; tho' innocent, yet gay:  
All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,  
And blooming Youth with hoary Wisdom crown'd;  
Yet tho' so fair the Flow'r of Life began,  
It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man.

Thus in the Theater the Scenes unfold  
A thousand Wonders glorious to behold;  
And here, or there, as the Machine extends,  
A Hero rises, or a God descends:

But



But soon the momentary Pleasure flies,  
And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.


Transcend e'en after Death, ye Great, in show,  
Lend pomp to Affes, and be vain in Woe;  
Hire Substitutes to mourn with formal Cries,  
And bribe unwilling Drops from venal Eyes;  
While here Sincerity of Grief appears,  
Silence, that speaks, and Eloquence in Tears!  
While tir'd of Life, we but consent to live,  
To shew the World how really we grieve!  
Unless the Soul, a Wound eternal bears,  
Sighs are but Air, but common Water, Tears;  
The proud relentless weep in State, and show  
Not Sorrow, but Magnificence of Woe.

Thus in the Fountain, from the Sculptor's Hands,  
With imitated Life an Image stands,

From

From rocky Entrails thro' his stony Eyes,  
The mimic Tears in Streams incessant rise ;  
Unconscious! while aloft the Waters flow,  
The Gazers Wonder, and a publick Show.

Ye sacred Domes, his frequent Visits tell,  
Thou Court, where God himself delights to dwell;  
Thou mystick Table, and thou holy Feast,  
How often have ye seen the sacred Guest ;  
How oft his Soul with heav'nly Mannah fed,  
His Faith enliven'd, while his Sin lay dead ?  
O may the Thought his Friend's Devotion raise !  
O may he imitate, as well as praise !  
Awake my heavy Soul, and upward fly,  
Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,  
And ask the certain Way to rise as high.





A

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*A Lady and her Looking-Glass,  
while she had the Green-Sickness.*

THE gay *Olivia* view'd her Face  
In the clear Crystal of her Glass;

The Lightning from her Eye was fled,  
Her Cheek was pale, the Roses dead.

Then thus *Olivia*, with a Frown : —  
Art thou, false Thing, perfidious grown?

I

I never could have thought, I swear,  
To find so great a Sland'rer there !

False thing ! thy Malice I defy !  
Beaux vow I'm fair——who never lye ;  
More brittle far than brittle thou,  
Would every Grace of Woman grow,  
If Charms so great so soon decay,  
The bright Possession of a Day ?  
But this I know, and this declare,  
That thou art false, and I am fair ?

The Glafs was vex'd to be bely'd,  
And thus with angry Tone reply'd :

No more to me of Falshood talk,  
But leave your Oatmeal and your Chalk !



'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan,  
The Reason is, you're sick for Man.——

While yet it spoke, *Olivia* frown'd,  
And dash'd th' Offender to the ground;  
With fury from her Arm it fled,  
And round a glittering Ruin spread;  
When lo! the Parts pale Looks disclose,  
Pale Looks in every Fragment rose;  
Around the Room instead of one,  
An hundred pale *Olivias* shone;  
Away the frightened Virgin flew,  
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

The MORAL.

*Te Beaux, who tempt the fair and young,  
With Snuff, and Nonsense, Dance and Song;  
Te Men of Compliment and Lace!  
Behold this Image in the Glass:*

*The*

*The wond'rous Force of Flattery prove,  
To cheat fond Virgins into Love :  
Tho' Pale the Cheek, yet swear it glows  
With the Vermilion of the Rose :  
Praise them ——— for Praise is always true,  
Tho' with both Eyes the Cheat they view ;  
From hateful Truths the Virgin flies ;  
But the false Sex, is caught with Lyes.*



A  
P O E M

On the Seat of War in

F L A N D E R S,

CHIEFLY

With relation to the Sieges:

With the Praise of

P E A C E and R E T I R E M E N T.

WRITTEN 1710.

---

*Seceſſus mei non deſidia nomen, ſed tranquillitatis  
accipiant.*

---

PLIN.



T H E

*Seat of War in Flanders, &c.*

Humbly Inscrib'd to

JOHN HOLT *Esq;* of Redgrave Hall  
in Suffolk.

HAPPY, thou *Flandria*, on whose fertile  
Plains,

In wanton Pride luxurious Plenty reigns ;

Happy ! had Heav'n bestow'd one Blessing more,

And plac'd thee distant from the *Gallic* Pow'r !

But now in vain thy Lawns attract the View,

They but invite the Victor to subdue :

War



War, horrid War, the *Sylvan* Scene invades,  
 And angry Trumpets pierce the Woodland Shades;  
 Thy shatter'd Tow'rs, proud Works of many an Age,  
 Lie dreadful Monuments of human Rage;  
 Thy very Dust tho' undistinguish'd trod,  
 Compos'd, perhaps, some Hero great and good,  
 Who nobly for his Country lost his Blood!



See! round thy Gates a steely Circle stands  
 In deep array, and spreads in radiant Bands;  
 Hark! the shrill Trumpet sends a mortal Sound,  
 And prancing Horses shake the solid Ground;  
 The surly Drums beat terrible afar,  
 With all the dreadful Music of the War;  
 From the drawn Swords effulgent Flames arise,  
 Flash o'er the Plains, and lighten to the Skies;  
 The Heav'ns above, the Fields and Floods beneath,  
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with Death;

In fiery Storms descends a murd'rous Show'r,  
Thick flash the Lightnings, fierce the Thunders roar :  
As when in wrathful mood Almighty *Jove*,  
Aims his dire Bolts red-hissing from above ;  
Thro' the sing'd Air, with unresisted sway,  
The forky Vengeance rends its flaming way ;  
And while the Firmament with Thunder roars,  
From their Foundations hurls imperial Tow'rs ;  
So rush the Globes with many a fiery Round,  
Tear up the Rock, or rend the stedfast Mound :  
Death shakes aloft her Dart, and o'er her Prey  
Gigantic, stalking, marks in Blood her way ;  
Mountains of Heroes slain deform the Ground,  
The Shape of Man half bury'd in the Wound ;  
And lo! while in the Shock of War they close,  
While Swords meet Swords, and Foes encounter  
Foes,

The treacherous Earth beneath their Footsteps  
cleaves,

Her Entrails tremble, and her Bosom heaves ;

Sudden in Bursts of Fire Eruptions rise,

And whirl the torn Battallions to the Skies.

Thus Earthquakes rumbling with a thund'ring  
sound,

Shake the wide World's firm Base, and rend the  
ground ;

Rocks, Hills, and Groves are tost into the Sky,

And in one mighty Ruin Nations die.

See ! thro' th' encumber'd Air the pond'rous Bomb  
Bears Magazines of Death within its Womb,

The glowing Orb displays a blazing Train,

And darts bright Horrour thro' th' Ethereal Plain ;

It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous Sound  
Wheels down the Heav'ns, and thunders o'er the  
Ground.

Th' imprison'd Deaths burst out with sudden blaze,  
And mow a thousand Lives, a thousand Ways;  
Earth floats with Blood, while spreading Flames arise  
From Palaces, and Domes, and kindle half the Skies.

Thus terribly in Air the Comets roul,  
And shoot malignant Gleams from Pole to Pole;  
'Tween Worlds and Worlds they move, and from  
their Hair  
Shake the blue Plague, the Pestilence and War.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the Plain,  
Who drives triumphant o'er huge Hills of slain?  
Serene, while Engines from the hostile Tow'r  
Rain from their brazen Mouths an iron Show'r?

While



While turbid fiery Smoke obscures the Day,  
Hews thro' the deathful Breach his desp'rate way?  
Sure *Jove* descending joins the Martial Toil,  
Or is it CHURCHILL, or the Great ARGYLE?

Thus when the *Grecians*, furious to destroy,  
Levell'd the Structures of Imperial *Troy*;  
Here angry \* *Neptune* hurl'd his vengeful Mace,  
There *Jove* o'erturn'd it from its inmost Base;  
Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds,  
Her Sons were Heroes, but they fought with Gods.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs, to gentler Scenes,  
To shady Bow'rs, and never-fading Greens!  
Where the shrill Trumpet never sounds Alarms,  
Nor martial Din is heard, nor clash of Arms;

\* Neptunus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti  
Fundamenta quatit, &c. *Virg. Æn.*

Hail ye soft Seats! ye limpid Springs and Floods!  
Ye flow'ry Meads, ye Vales, and mazy Woods!  
Ye limpid Floods, that ever murmuring flow!  
Ye verdant Meads, where Flow'rs eternal blow!  
Ye shady Vales, where Zephyrs ever play!  
Ye Woods, where little Warblerstune their Lay!

Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful days,  
And steal myself from Life by slow Decays;  
With Age unknown to Pain, or Sorrow blest,  
To the dark Grave retiring as to Rest;  
While gently with one Sigh this mortal Frame  
Dissolving turns to Ashes whence it came,  
While my freed Soul departs without a Groan,  
And joyful, wings her flight to Worlds unknown,

Ye gloomy Grots! ye awful solemn Cells,  
Where holy thoughtful *Contemplation* dwells,

Guard

Guard me from splendid Cares and tiresome State,  
That pompous Misery of being Great !  
Content with Ease, ambitious to despise  
Illustrious Vanity, and glorious Vice !  
Come thou chaste Maid, here ever let me stray,  
While the calm Hours steal unperceiv'd away ;  
Here court the Muses, while the Sun on high  
Flames in the Vault of Heav'n, and fires the Sky ;  
Or while the Night's dark Wings thisGlobe surround,  
And the pale Moon begins her solemn Round ;  
Bid my free Soul to starry Orbs repair,  
Those radiant Worlds that float in ambient Air,  
And with a regular Confusion stray  
Oblique, direct, along th' æreal Way :  
Or when *Aurora*, from her golden Bow'rs,  
Exhales the Fragrance of the balmy Flow'rs,  
Reclin'd in Silence on a mossy Bed,  
Consult the learned Volumes of the Dead :

Fal'n

Fal'n Realms, and Empires in description view,  
Live o'er past Times, and antient Days renew.

Charm me, \* ye sacred Leaves, with nobler  
Themes,  
With opening Heav'ns, and Angels robe'd in Flames :  
Ye restless Passions, while I read, be aw'd !  
Hail ye mysterious Oracles of God !  
Here I behold how Infant Time began,  
How the Dust mov'd and quicken'd into Man ;  
Here thro' the flow'ry Walks of *Eden* rove,  
Court the soft Breeze, or range the spicy Grove ;  
There tread on hallow'd Ground where Angels trod,  
And Reverend Patriarchs talk'd as Friends with God ;  
Or hear the Voice to slumbring Prophets giv'n,  
Or gaze on Visions from the Throne of Heav'n.

\* The Holy Scriptures.

Thus



Thus lonely, thoughtful may I run the race  
Of transient Life, in no unuseful Ease!

And thou, fair Peace, from the wild Floods of War  
Come Dove-like, and thy blooming Olive bear;  
Tell me, ye Victors, what strange Charms ye find  
In Conquest, that destruction of Mankind!

Unenvy'd may your Laurels ever grow,  
That never flourish but in human Woe,  
If never Earth the Wreath triumphal bears,  
Till drench'd in Heroes Blood, or Orphans Tears.

Let *Ganges* from afar to Slaughter train  
His sable Warriors on th' embattled Plain;  
Let *Volga's* Sons in Iron Squadrons rise,  
And pour in Millions from her frozen Skies;  
Thou gentle *Thames*, flow thou in peaceful Streams,  
Bid thy bold Sons restrain their martial Flames;

In

In thy own Laurels Shade Great *Marlbro'* stay,  
There charm the Thoughts of conquer'd Worlds  
away ;

Guardian of *England* ! born to scourge her Foes,  
Speak, and thy Word gives half the World Repose;  
Sink down, ye Hills, eternal Rocks subside,  
Vanish ye Forts, thou Ocean drain thy Tide,  
We Safety boast, defended by thy Fame,  
And Armies—in the Terrour of thy Name !  
Now fix o'er ANNA's Throne thy Victor Blade,  
War be thou chain'd ! ye Streams of Blood be stay'd !  
Tho' wild Ambition her just Vengeance feels,  
She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.

So *Pallas* with her Javelin smote the Ground,  
And peaceful Olives flourish'd from the Wound,





To the Right Honourable

*Charles Lord Cornwallis,*

*Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice  
in Eyre of all His Majesty's Forests, Chases,  
Parks and Warrens on the South Side of Trent.*

O Thou whose Virtues sanctify thy State,  
O Great, without the Vices of the Great!

Form'd by a Dignity of Mind to please,  
To think, to act with Elegance and Ease!  
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the String,  
And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing?  
Unskill'd in Verse I haunt the silent Grove,  
Yet lowly Shepherds sing to mighty Jove;

And

And mighty *Jove* attends the Shepherds Vows,  
And gracious what the Suppliant asks bestows:  
So by thy Favour may the Muse be crown'd,  
And plant her Laurels in more fruitful Ground ;  
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow  
Her spreading Laurels to adorn thy Brow.

Thus guarded by the Tree of *Jove*, a Flow'r  
Shoots from the Earth, nor fears the rushing  
Show'r ;  
And when the Fury of the Storm is laid,  
Repays with Sweets the Hospitable Shade.

Severe their Lot, who when they long endure  
The Wounds of Fortune, late receive a Cure !  
Like Ships in Storms o'er liquid Mountains tost,  
E'er they are sav'd must almost first be lost ;

But



But you with speed forbid Distress to grieve :  
He gives by halves, who hesitates to give.

Thus when an Angel views Mankind distressed,  
He feels Compassion pleading in his Breast ;  
Instant the heavenly Guardian cleaves the Skies,  
And pleas'd to save, on Wings of Lightning flies.

Some the vain Promises of Courts betray,  
And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray ;  
The flatt'ring Nothing still deludes their Eyes,  
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies :  
As Perspectives present the Object nigh,  
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking Eye ;  
Against our Reason fondly we believe,  
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive ;  
As the faint Traveller, when Night invades,  
Sees a false Light relieve the ambient Shades,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he beholds the bright Delusion play,  
But the false Guide shines only to betray :  
Swift he pursues, yet still the Path mistakes,  
O'er dang'rous Marshes, or thro' thorny Brakes ;  
Yet obstinate in Wrong he toils to stray,  
With many a weary Stride, o'er many a painful Way.  
So Man pursues the Phantom of his Brain,  
And buys his Disappointment with his Pain :  
At length when Years invidiously destroy  
The pow'r to taste the long-expected Joy,  
Then Fortune envious sheds her Golden Show'rs,  
Malignly smiles, and curses him with Stores.

Thus o'er the Urns of Friends departed weep  
The mournful Kindred, and fond Vigils keep ;  
Ambrosial Ointments o'er their Ashes shed,  
And scatter useless Roses on the Dead ;

And

And when no more avail the World's Delights,  
The spicy Odours, and the solemn Rites ;  
With fruitless Pomp they deck the senseless Tombs,  
And waste profusely Floods of vain Perfumes.



G

The



*The Rose-Bud :*

To a Young L A D Y.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose,  
The Beauties of thy Leaves disclose!

The Winter's past, the Tempests fly,  
Soft Gales breathe gently thro' the Sky ;  
The Lark sweet warbling on the Wing  
Salutes the gay Return of Spring :  
The silver Dews, the vernal Show'rs,  
Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs ;  
The joyous Fields, the shady Woods,  
Are cloath'd with Green, or swell with Buds ;  
Then haste thy Beauties to disclose,  
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

Tho



Thou, beauteous Flow'r, a welcome Guest,  
Shalt flourish on the Fair-One's Breast,  
Shalt grace her Hand, or deck her Hair,  
The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph most fair ;  
Breathe soft, ye Winds ! be calm, ye Skies !  
Arise ye flow'ry Race, arise !  
And haste thy Beauties to disclose,  
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !

But thou, fair Nymph, thy self survey  
In this sweet Offspring of a Day ;  
That Miracle of Face must fail,  
Thy Charms are sweet, but Charms are frail :  
Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r they fly,  
At Morn they bloom, at Evening die :  
Tho' Sicknefs yet a while forbears,  
Yet Time destroys, what Sicknefs spares ;

Now *Helen* lives alone in Fame,  
And *Cleopatra* 's but a Name ;  
Time must indent that heav'nly Brow,  
And thou must be, what *Helen* 's now.

This Moral to the Fair disclose,  
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose.



Belinda



# BELINDA at the Bath.

WHILE in these Fountains bright *Belinda*  
laves,

She adds new Virtues to the healing Waves ;

Thus in *Bethesda's* Pool an Angel stood,

Bad the soft Waters heal, and blest the Flood ;

But from her Eye such bright Destruction flies,

In vain they flow ! for her, the Lover dies.

No more let *Tagus* boast, whose Beds unfold

A shining Treasure of all-conquering Gold !

No more the \* *Po!* whose wandring Waters stray  
 In mazy Errours, thro' the starry Way;  
 Henceforth these Springs superiour Honours share,  
 There *Venus* laves, but my *Belinda* here.

\* ——— Eridanum cernes in parte locatum  
 Cœli.

*Tull. in Arateis.*

Gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriona.

*Claud.*



*The*

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*The C O R.*

An O D E.

I.

LOVE is a noble rich Repast,  
But seldom should the Lover taste ;  
When the kind Fair no more restrains,  
The Glutton surfeits, and disdains.

II.

To move the Nymph he Tears bestows,  
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows ;  
The Tears deceive, the Vows betray,  
He conquers, and contemns the Prey.

## III.

Thus *Ammon's* Son with fierce Delight  
Smil'd at the Terrours of the Fight ;  
The Thoughts of Conquest charm'd his Eyes,  
He conquer'd, and he wept the Prize.

## IV.

Love, like a Prospect, with delight  
Sweetly deceives the distant Sight,  
Where the tir'd Travellers survey,  
O'er hanging Rocks, a dang'rous Way.

## V.

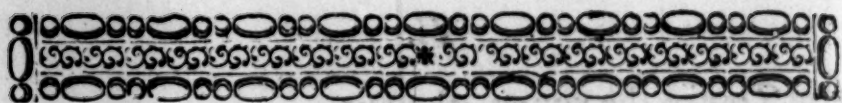
Ye Fair, that would victorious prove,  
Seem to shun most, whom most you love ;  
*Damon* pursues if *Celia* flies,  
But when her Love is born, his dies.

VI.

Had *Danæ* the young, the fair,  
 Been free as other Women are,  
 Free from the Guards, and brazen Tow'r,  
 She'd ne'er been worth a Golden Show'r.



To



To the Right Honourable the  
 Lady ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,  
 Now Lady CORNWALLIS,  
*On her PICTURE,*  
*Drawn by Mr. JERVAS, Painter to*  
*his Majesty.*

AH! cruel Hand, that could such Pow'r employ  
 To teach the pictur'd Beauty to destroy !  
 Singly she charm'd before, but by his Skill  
 The living Beauty and her Likeness kill ;  
 Thus when in parts the broken Mirrours fall,  
 A Face in all is seen, and Charms in all !

Think



Think then, O fairest, of the fairer Race,  
What fatal Beauties arm thy heav'nly Face,  
Whose very Shadow can such Flames inspire;  
We see 'tis Paint, and yet we feel 'tis Fire.

See! with false Life the lovely Image glows,  
And every wond'rous Grace transplanted shows;  
Fatally fair the new Creation reigns,  
Charms in her Shape, and multiplies our Pains;  
Hence the fond Youth, that ease by absence found,  
Views the dear Form, and bleeds at every Wound;  
Thus the bright *Venus*, tho' to Heav'n she soar'd,  
Reign'd in her Image, by the World ador'd.

O! wond'rous Pow'r of mingled Light and Shades!  
Where Beauty with dumb Eloquence persuades,

Where

Where Passions are beheld in Picture wrought,  
 And animated Colours look a Thought:  
 Rare Art! on whose Command all Nature waits!  
 It copies all Omnipotence creates;  
 Here crown'd with Mountains Earth expanded lies,  
 There the proud Seas with all their Billows rise;  
 If Life be drawn, responsive to the Thought  
 The breathing Figures live throughout the Draught;  
 The mimic Bird in Skies fictitious moves,  
 Or fancy'd Beasts in imitated Groves:  
 Ev'n Heav'n it climbs; and from the forming Hands  
 An Angel here, and there a \* *Townsbend* stands.

Yet, Painter, yet, tho' Art with Nature strive,  
 Tho' ev'n the lovely Phantom seem alive,  
 Submit thy vanquish'd Art! and own the Draught  
 Tho' fair, defective, and a beauteous Fault;

\* Now Lady *Cornwallis*.

Charms,

Charms, such as hers, inimitably great,  
He only can express, that can create.  
Cou'dst thou extract the Whiteness of the Snow,  
Or of its Colours rob the heav'nly Bow,  
Yet would her Beauty triumph o'er thy Skill,  
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

Thus in the limpid Fountain we descry  
The faint Resemblance of the glitt'ring Sky ;  
Another Sun displays his lessen'd Beams,  
Another Heav'n adorns th' enlightned Streams;  
But tho' the Scene be fair, yet high above  
Th' exalted Skies in nobler Beauties move ;  
There the true Heav'n's eternal Lamps display  
A Deluge of inimitable Day.





*To Mr. POPE,*

*On his WORKS, 1726.*

**L**ET Vulgar Souls triumphal Arches raise,  
 And speaking Marble to record their Praise;  
 Or picture (to the Voice of Fame unknown)  
 The mimic Feature on the breathing Stone;  
 Mere Mortals, subject to Death's total Sway,  
 Reptiles of Earth, and Beings of a Day!  
 'Tis thine, on every Heart to grave thy Praise,  
 A Monument which Worth alone can raise;  
 Sure to survive, when Time shall whelm in Dust,  
 The Arch, the Marble, and the mimic Bust;

Nor



Nor till the Volumes of th' expanded Sky  
Blaze in one Flame, shalt Thou and *Homer* die ;  
When sink together in the World's last Fires  
What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.

If aught on Earth, when once this Breath is fled,  
With human Transport touch the happier Dead ;  
*Shakespear* rejoice ! his Hand thy Page refines,  
Now every Scene with native Brightness shines ;  
Just to thy Fame, he gives thy genuine Thought,  
So *Tully* publish'd what *Lucretius* wrote ;  
Prun'd by his Care, thy Laurels loftier grow,  
And bloom afresh on thy immortal Brow.

Thus when thy Draughts, O *Raphael*, Time  
invades,  
And the bold Figure from the Canvas fades ;

A rival Hand recalls from every part  
Some latent Grace, and equals Art with Art ;  
Transported we survey the dubious Strife,  
While the fair Image starts again to Life.

How long untun'd had *Homer's* sacred Lyre  
Jarr'd grating Discord, all extinct his Fire ?  
This you beheld ; and taught by Heav'n to sing,  
Call'd the loud Music from the sounding String ;  
Now wak'd from Slumbers of three thousand Years,  
Once more *Achilles* in dread Pomp appears,  
Tow'rs o'er the Field of Death ; as fierce he turns,  
Keen flash his Arms, and all the Hero burns ;  
His Plume nods horrible, his Helm on high  
With Cheeks of Iron glares against the Sky ;  
With martial Stalk, and more than mortal Might,  
He strides along, he meets the Gods in fight ;

Then

Then the pale *Titans*, chain'd on burning Flores,  
Start at the Din that rends th' infernal Shores;  
Tremble the Tow'rs of Heav'n; Earth rocks her  
Coasts,

And gloomy *Pluto* shakes with all his Ghosts.

To every Theme responds thy various Lay,

Here roars a Torrent, there Mæanders play;

Sonorous as the Storm thy Numbers rise,

Toss the wild Waves, or thunder in the Skies;

Or softer than a yielding Virgin's Sigh,

The gentle Breezes breathe away, and die.

How twangs the Bow, when with a jarring Spring

The whizzing Arrows vanish from the String?

But when a Giant strains some Rock to shove,

The slow Verse heaves, and the clogg'd Words scarce  
move;

Or when from high it rolls, with many a bound,

Jumping it thundring whirls, and rushes to the Ground:

H

Swift

Swift flows the Verse when winged Lightnings fly,  
 Dart from the dazled View, and flash along the Sky:  
 Thus like the radiant God who sheds the Day,  
 The Vale you paint, or gild the azure Way;  
 And while with every Theme the Verse complies,  
 Sink, without groveling, without rashness, rise.

Proceed, great Bard, awake th' harmonious String,  
 Be ours all *Homer*, still *Ulysses* sing!  
 Ev'n I the meanest of the Muses Train,  
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler Strain;  
 Advent'rous waken the \* *Mæonian* Lyre,  
 Tun'd by your Hand, and sing as you inspire;  
 So arm'd by Great *Achilles* for the Fight,  
*Patroclus* conquer'd in *Achilles'* Might;  
 Like theirs our Friendship! and I boast my Name  
 To thine united, for thy Friendship's Fame.

\* The Author translated several Books of the *Odyssæy*.

How



How long *Ulysses*, by unskilful Hands  
 Stript of his Robes, a Beggar trod our Lands,  
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native Coast,  
 Shrunk by the \* Wand, and all the Hero lost;  
 O'er his smooth Skin a Bark of Wrinkles spread,  
 Old Age disgrac'd the Honours of his Head;  
 Nor longer in his heavy Eye-ball shin'd  
 The Glance divine forth-beaming from the Mind:  
 But you, like *Pallas*, every Limb infold  
 With royal Robes, and bid him shine in Gold;  
 Touch'd by your Hand his manly Frame improves  
 With Air divine, and like a God he moves.

This Labour past, of heav'nly Subjects sing,  
 While hovering Angels listen on the Wing;

\* See the 16th *Odyssy*, V. 186. and 476.

To hear from Earth such heart-felt Raptures rise,  
 As when they sing, suspended hold the Skies :  
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's Cause,  
 From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring Laws ;  
 Teach a bad World beneath her Sway to bend,  
 To Verse like thine fierce Savages attend,  
 And Men more fierce ! When *Orpheus* tunes the Lay,  
 E'en Fiends relenting hear their Rage away.



Part

*Part of the Tenth Book of the  
Iliads of HOMER.*

*In the Stile of MILTON.*

NOW high advanc'd the Night, o'er all the Host  
Sleep shed his softest Balm; restless alone

*Atrides* lay, and Cares revolv'd on Cares.

As when with rising Vengeance gloomy Jove  
Pours down a watry Deluge, or in Storms  
Of Hail or Snow commands the goary Jaws  
Of War to roar; thro' all the kindling Skies,  
With flaming Wings on Lightnings Lightnings play;

So while *Atrides* meditates the War,  
Sighs after Sighs burst from his manly Breast,  
And shake his inmost Soul : round o'er the Fields  
To *Troy* he turns his Eyes, and round beholds  
A thousand Fires blaze dreadful ; thro' his Ears  
Passes the direful Symphony of War,  
Of Fife, or Pipe, and the still Hum of Hosts  
Strikes him dismay'd : Now o'er the *Grecian* Tents  
He rolls his Eyes ; now from his royal Head  
Rends the fair Curl in Sacrifice to *Jove*,  
And his brave Heart heaves with imperial Woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful King, at length resolves  
To seek the *Pylian* Sage, in wise Debate  
To ripen high Designs, and from the Sword  
Preserve his banded Legions : Pale and sad  
Uprose the Monarch ; instant o'er his Breast  
A Robe he threw, and on his royal Feet

Glitter'd



Glitter'd th' embroider'd Sandals ; o'er his Back  
A dreadful Ornament, a Lion's Spoils,  
With hideous grace down to his Ankles hung,  
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glitt'ring Spear,

With equal care was *Menelaus* toft,  
Sleep from his Temples fled, his generous Heart  
Felt all his Peoples Woes, who in his Cause  
Stem'd the proud Main, and nobly stood in Arms  
Confronting Death: A Leopard's spotted Spoils  
Terrific clad his Limbs, a brazen Helm  
Beam'd on his Head, and in his Hand a Spear.  
Forth from his Tent the royal *Spartan* strode  
To wake the King of Men ; him wak'd he found  
Buckling his polish'd Arms, with rising Joy  
The Heroes meet, the *Spartan* thus began.

Why thus in Arms, my Prince? send'st thou some

Spy

To view the *Trojan* Host? alas! I fear

Lest the most dauntless Sons of glorious War

Shrink at the bold Emprise! this Task demands

A Soul resolv'd, to pass the Gloom of Night,

And 'midst her Legions search the Pow'rs of *Troy*.

O Prince, he cries, in this disastrous Hour

*Greece* all our Counsel claims, now, now demands

Our deepest Cares! the Pow'r omnipotent

Frowns on our Arms, but smiles with Aspect mild.

On *Hector's* Incense: Heav'ns! what Son of Fame

Renown'd in Story, e'er such Deeds atchiev'd

In a whole Life, as in one glorious Day

This Fav'rite of the Skies? and yet a Man!

A Mortal! born to die! but such his Deeds

As future *Grecians* shall repeat with Tears  
To Children yet unborn.—But haste, repair  
To *Ajax* and *Idomeneus* ; I bend my way  
To wake the *Pylian* Sage ; to keep the Guards  
On Duty be his Care ; for o'er the Guards  
His Son presides nocturnal, and in Arms  
His great Compeer, *Meriones* the bold.

But say, rejoins the Prince, these Orders borne,  
There shall I stay, or measuring back the Shores,  
To thee return ?—No more return, replies  
The King of Hosts, lest treading different ways  
We meet no more : for thro' the Camp the ways  
Lie intricate and various, but aloud  
Wake every *Greek* to martial Fame and Arms,  
Teach them to emulate their Godlike Sires,  
And thou a while forget thy royal Birth  
And share a Soldier's Cares : the proudest King

Is

Is but exalted Dust ; and when great *Jove*  
Call'd us to Life, and gave us royal Pow'r,  
He gave a sad Preheminence of Woes.

He spoke, and to the Tent of *Nestor* turns  
His Step majestic : on his Couch he found  
The hoary Warrior ; all around him lay  
His Arms, the Shield, the Spears, the radiant Helm,  
And Scarf of various Dye ; with these array'd,  
The reverend Father to the Field of Fame  
Led his bold Files ; for with a brave Disdain,  
Old as he was, he scorn'd the Ease of Age.

Sudden the Monarch starts, and half uprais'd,  
Thus to the King aloud ; What art thou, say ?  
Why in the Camp alone ? while others sleep,  
Why wandrest thou obscure the midnight hours ?

Seek't



Seek'st thou some Centinel, or absent Friend?  
 Speak thy Design, nor silent nearer tread!

O Pride of *Greece*, the plaintive King returns,  
 Here in thy Tent thou *Agamemnon* view'st,  
 A Prince, the most unhappy of Mankind;  
 Woes I endure which none but Kings can feel,  
 Which ne'er will cease until forgot in Death:  
 Pensive I wander thro' the Damp of Night,  
 Thro' the cold Damp of Night; distress'd! alone!  
 And Sleep is grown a Stranger to my Eyes:  
 The weight of all the War, the load of Woes  
 That presses every *Greek*, united falls  
 On me——the Cares of all the Host are mine!  
 Grief discomposes, and distracts my Thoughts,  
 My restless panting Heart, as if it strove  
 To force its Prison, beats against my Sides!

My

My Strength is fail'd, and ev'n my Feet refuse  
To bear so great a load of Wretchedness!

But if thy wakeful Cares (for o'er thy Head  
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd  
Useful, the Thought unfold; but rise, my Friend,  
Visit with me the Watches of the Night,  
Lest tir'd they sleep, while *Troy* with all her War  
Hangs o'er our Tents, and now, perhaps e'en now  
Arms her proud Bands. Arise, my Friend, arise!

To whom the *Pylian*: Think not, mighty King,  
*Jove* ratifies vain *Hector's* haughty Views;  
A sudden, sad Reverse of mighty Woes  
Waits that audacious Victor, when in Arms  
Dreadful *Achilles* shines. But now thy Steps  
*Nestor* attends: Be it our Care to wake  
Sage *Ithacus*, and *Diomed* the brave,

*Meges*

*Meges* the bold, and in the Race renown'd  
*Oilean Ajax*: To the Ships that guard  
 Outmost the Camp, some other speed his way  
 To raise stern *Ajax* and the *Cretan* King.  
 But love, nor reverence to the mighty Name  
 Of *Menelaus*, nor thy Wrath, O King,  
 Shall stop my free Rebuke: Sleep is a Crime  
 When *Agamemnon* wakes, on him it lies  
 To share thy martial Toils, to court the Peers  
 To act the Men: this Hour claims all our Cares.

Reserve, rejoins the King, for other times  
 Thy generous Anger: Seems the royal Youth  
 Remiss? 'tis not thro' Indolence of Soul,  
 But Deference to our Pow'r; for our Commands  
 He waits, and follows when we lead the way.  
 This Night, disdaining Rest, his Steps he bent  
 To our Pavilion; now th' illustrious Peers

Rais'd

Rais'd at his Call, a chosen Synod stand  
Before the Gates ; haste *Nestor*, haste away.

To whom the Sage well pleas'd, In such brave  
hands

No *Greek* will envy Pow'r ; with loyal Joy  
Subjects Obey, when Men of Worth Command.

He added not, but o'er his manly Breast  
Flung a rich Robe ; beneath his royal Feet  
The glitt'ring Sandals shone : a soft, large Vest  
Florid with purple Wool, his aged Limbs  
Graceful adorn'd : tipt with a Star of Brafs  
A pond'rous Lance he grasp'd, and strode away  
To wake sage *Ithacus* : aloud his Voice  
He rais'd ; his Voice was heard, and from his Tent  
Instant *Ulysses* sprung ; and why, he cry'd,  
Why thus abroad in the chill Hours of Night ?

What



What new Distress invades?—Forgive my Cares,  
Reply'd the hoary Sage; for *Greece* I wake,  
*Greece* and her Dangers bring me to thy Tent;  
But haste, our wakeful Peers in Council meet,  
This, this one Night determines Flight or War.

Swift at the Word he seiz'd his ample Shield,  
And strode along; and now they bend their way  
To wake the brave *Tydides*: him they found  
Stretch'd on the Earth, array'd in shining Arms,  
And round, his brave Companions of the War:  
Their Shields sustain'd their Heads, erect their Spears  
Shot thro' th' illumin'd Air a streaming Ray,  
Keen as *Jove's* Lightnings wing'd athwart the Skies.  
Thus slept the Chief: beneath him on the Ground  
A savage Bull's black Hide was roll'd, his Head  
A splendid Carpet bore: the slumbring King  
The *Pylian* gently with these Words awakes.

Rise

Rise, Son of *Tydeus* ! ill, a whole Night's Rest  
Suits with the Brave ! and sleep'st thou, while proud

*Troy*

Hangs o'er our Tents, and from yon joining Hill  
Prepares her War ? Awake, my Friend, awake !

Sudden the Chief awoke, and mildly gave  
This soft Reply : O Cruel to thy Age,  
Thou good old Man ! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease  
To burthen Age with Cares ? Has *Greece* no Youths  
To wake the Peers ? unweary'd Man to bear  
At once the double Load of Toils, and Years !

'Tis true, he cry'd, my Subjects and my Sons  
Might ease a Sire, and King ; but Rest's a Crime  
When on the Edge of Fate our Country stands :

E'er

E'er yet a few Hours more have run their Course,  
 The Fate of *Greece* is past, we live or die ;  
 But since an old Man's Care thy Pity moves,  
 Haste generous Youth, with speed to Council call  
*Meges* the brave, and in the Race renown'd  
*Oilean Ajax* : — Strait the Chief obey'd,  
 Strait o'er his Shoulders flung the shaggy Spoils  
 Of a huge tawny Lion, with dire Grace  
 Down to his Feet they hung : fierce in his Hand  
 He grasp'd a glitt'ring Spear, and join'd the Guards.  
 Wakeful in Arms they sate, a faithful Band,  
 As watchful Dogs protect the fleecy Train,  
 When the stern Lion, furious for his Prey,  
 Rushes thro' crashing Woods, and on the Fold  
 Springs from some Mountain's Brow, while mingled

Cries

Of Men and Hounds alarm ; to every Sound

Faithful they turn : so thro' the Gloom of Night  
They cast their View, and caught each Noise of *Troy*.

Now met th' illustrious Synod, down they fate,  
Down on a spot of Ground unstain'd with Blood,  
Where vengeful *Hector* from the Slaughter stay'd  
His murd'rous Arm, when the dark Veil of Night  
Sabled the Pole : To whom thus *Nestor* spoke.

Lives there a Son of Fame so nobly brave,  
That *Troy*-ward dares to trace the dang'rous way,  
To seize some straggling Foe ? or hear what *Troy*  
Now meditates ? to pour the Flood of War  
Fierce on our Fleet, or back within her Walls  
Lead her proud Legions ? O ! what Fame would  
crown

The Hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er Earth  
Above the Sons of Men ? And what Rewards

Should



Should he receive? From every grateful Peer  
A fable Ewe, and Lamb, of highest worth  
Memorial, to a brave, heroic Heart  
The noblest Prize! and at the social Feast  
Amongst the Great, be his the Seat of Fame.

Abash'd they sat, and ev'n the Brave knew Fear;  
Not so *Tydidēs*: unappall'd he rose,  
And nobly spoke! My Soul, O Reverend Sage,  
Fires at the bold Design; thro' yon black Host  
Ventrous I bend my way; but if his Aid  
Some Warrior lend, my Courage might arise  
To nobler Heights: the Wise by mutual Aid  
Instruct the Wise, and brave Men fire the Brave.

Fierce at the Word upstart'd from the Ground  
The stern *Ajaces*, fierce bold *Merion* rose,  
And *Thrasymedes*, Sons of War: nor fate

The Royal *Spartan*, nor great *Nestor's* Heir,  
Nor greater *Ithacus* ; his manly Heart  
Swell'd at the view of Fame. — Elate with joy  
*Atrides* saw, and O ! thou best of Friends,  
Brave *Diomed*, he cries, of all the Peers  
Chuse thou the valiantest ; when Merit pleads,  
Titles no Deference claim, high Birth and State  
To Valour yield, and Worth is more than Pow'r.

Thus, fearing for his Brother, spoke the King,  
Not long ! for *Diomed* dispels his Fears.

Since free my Choice, can I forget my Friend,  
The Man, for Wisdom's various Arts renown'd ;  
The Man, whose dauntless Soul no Toils dismay,  
*Ulysses*, lov'd by *Pallas* ? thro' his Aid  
Tho' thousand Fires oppose, a thousand Fires  
Oppose in vain ; his Wisdom points the way.

Nor

Nor praise, nor blame, the Hero strait replies,  
You speak to *Greeks*, and they *Ulysses* know ;  
But haste, swift roul the Hours of Night, the Morn  
Already hastens to display her Beams,  
And in the Vaults of Heav'n the Stars decay.

Swift at the Word they sheath their manly Limbs  
Horrid in Arms, a two-edg'd Sword and Shield  
*Nestor's* bold Son to stern *Tydides* gave ;  
A tough Bull's Hide his ample Helmet form'd,  
No Cone adorn'd it, and no plummy Crest  
Wav'd in the Air ; a Quiver and a Bow,  
And a huge Faulchion Great *Ulysses* bears,  
The Gift of *Merion* : on his Head an Helm  
Of Leather nodded, firm within, and bound  
With many a Thong ; without in dreadful Rows  
The snowy Tusks of a huge savage Boar

Grinn'd horrible; thus arm'd, away they stalk  
Undaunted: o'er their Heads the Martial Maid  
Sends on the Right an Her'n; the ambient Gloom  
Conceals him from the View, but loud in Air  
They hear the Clangor of his sounding Wings.  
Joyful the prosp'rous Sign *Ulysses* hail'd,  
And thus to *Pallas*; Offspring of dread *Jove*,  
Who hurls the burning Bolts: O Guardian Pow'r  
Present in all my Toils, who view'st my way  
Where'er I move, now thy Coelestial Aid,  
Now Goddess lend, may Deeds this Night adorn,  
Deeds that all *Troy* may weep; may we return  
In safety by thy Guidance, heav'nly Maid.

*Tydidēs* caught the Word, and O! he cries,  
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy Aid  
As to my Sire! he by the gulphy Flood  
Of deep *Æsopus* left th' embattled Bands



Of *Greece* in Arms, and to Imperial *Thebes*  
 Bore Terms of Peace ; but as from haughty *Thebes*  
 Alone he journey'd, Deeds, heroic Deeds  
 His Arm atchiev'd, for *Tydeus* was thy Care :  
 Thus guard his Offspring, O stern Queen of Arms,  
 So shall an Heifer on thy Altars bleed  
 Young and untam'd, to thee her Blood I pour,  
 And point her lunar Horns with burnish'd Gold.

Thus pray the Chiefs, and *Pallas* hears their  
 Pray'r ;

Then like two Lions thro' the Shades of Night,  
 Dauntless they stride along ; and hold their way  
 Thro' Blood, and mangled Limbs, o'er Arms and  
 Death.

Nor pass they far, e'er the sagacious Eye  
 Of *Ithacus* discerns a distant Foe  
 Coasting from *Troy*, and thus to *Diomed*.

See! o'er the Plain some *Trojan* bends this way  
Perhaps to spoil the Slain! or to our Host  
Comes he a Spy? Beyond us o'er the Field  
'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind  
Rush we precipitant: but if in flight  
His nimble Feet prevail, thy Spear employ  
To force him on our Lines, lest hid in Shades,  
Thro' the dusk Air he re-escape to *Troy*.

Then couching to the Ground, ambush'd they lay  
Behind a Hill of Slain: onward the Spy  
Incessant mov'd: He pass'd, and now arose  
The fierce Pursuers. *Dolon* heard the sound  
Of trampling Feet, and panting, listning stood;  
Now reach'd the Chiefs within a Javelin's Throw,  
Stern Foes of *Dolon*! swift along the Shores  
He wing'd his flight, and swift along the Shores

They

They still pursu'd : as when two skilful Hounds  
 Chase o'er the Lawn the Hare or bounding Roc,  
 Still from the sheltring Brake the Game they turn,  
 Stretch every Nerve, and bear upon the Prey!  
 So ran the Chiefs, and from the Host of *Troy*  
 Turn'd the swift Foe : now nigh the Fleet they flew,  
 Now almost mingled with the Guards, when lo!  
 The martial Goddess breath'd Heroic Flames  
 Fierce on *Tydides'* Soul : the Hero fear'd  
 Lest some bold *Greek* should interpose a Wound,  
 And ravish half the Glories of the Night.  
 Furious he shook his Lance, and Stand, he cry'd,  
 Stand, or thou dy'st : then sternly from his Arm  
 Launch'd the wild Spear, wilful the Javelin err'd,  
 But whizzing o'er his Shoulder, deep in Earth  
 Stood quivering, and he quaking stop'd aghast ;  
 His Teeth all chatter'd, and his slack Knees knock'd ;  
 He seem'd the bloodless Image of pale Fear.

Panting

Panting the Spy they seize : who thus with Tears  
 Abject intreats : O ! spare my Life, he cries,  
 My hoary Sire your Mercy shall repay,  
 Soon as he hears I draw the vital Air,  
 With Steel, and ruddy Brass, and Heaps of Gold.

To whom *Ulysses* artfully : Be bold,  
 Far hence the Thought of Death ! but instant say  
 Why thus alone in the still Hours of Night  
 While every Eye is clos'd ? to spoil the Slain  
 Com'st thou rapacious ? or some nightly Spy  
 By *Hector* sent ? or has thy ventrous Mind  
 Impell'd thee to explore our martial Bands ?

By *Hector* sent, and by Rewards undone,  
 Returns the Spy, (still as he spoke he shook)  
 I come unwilling : the refulgent Car  
 He promis'd, and Immortal Steeds that bear

To



To Fight, the great *Achilles* : thus betray'd,  
Thro' the dun Shades of Night I bend my way  
Unprosp'rous, to explore the tented Host  
Of adverse *Greece*, and learn if now they stand  
Wakeful on Guard, or vanquish'd by our Arms  
Precipitant desert the Shores of *Troy*.

To whom with Smiles of Scorn the Sage returns :  
Bold were thy Aims, O Youth : But those proud  
    Steeds,  
Restive, disdain the Rule of vulgar Hands ;  
Scarce ev'n the Goddess-born, when the loud Din  
Of Battle roars, subdues them to the Rein  
Reluctant : But this Night where *Hector* sleeps  
Faithful disclose : Where stand the Warrior's Steeds ?  
Where lie his Arms and Implements of War ?  
What Guards are kept nocturnal ? Say what *Troy*  
Now meditates, to pour the Tyde of Fight

Fierce

Fierce on our Fleet, or back within her Walls  
 Transfer the War?—To these Demands, he cries,  
 Faithful my Tongue shall speak: The Peers of *Troy*  
*Hector* in Council meets: round *Ilus'* Tomb  
 Apart from Noise they stand: no Guards surround  
 The spacious Host: where thro' the Gloom yon  
 Fires

Blaze frequent, *Trojans* wake to guard their *Troy*;  
 Secure th' Auxiliars sleep, no tender Cares  
 Of Wife or Son disturb their calm Repose,  
 Safe sleep their Wives and Sons on foreign Shores.

But say, apart encamp th' Auxiliar Bands,  
 Replies the Sage, or join the Pow'rs of *Troy*?

Along the sea-beat Shores, returns the Spy,  
 The *Leleges* and *Carians* stretch their Files;  
 Near these the *Caucons*, and *Pelasgian* Train,

And

And *Pæons*, dreadful with the Battle-Bow,  
Extended lie ; on the *Thymbræan* Plain  
The *Lycians* and the *Mysians* in array  
Spread their deep Ranks : There the *Mæonian* Bands  
And *Phrygians* range the fiery Steeds of War.  
But why this nice Enquiry ? If your way  
Vent'rous you bend to search the Host of *Troy*,  
There in yon outmost Lines, a recent Aid,  
The *Thracians* lie, by *Rhesus* led, whose Steeds  
Outshine the Snow, outfly the winged Winds ;  
With glitt'ring Silver Plates, and radiant Gold  
His Chariot flames, Gold forms his dazzling Arms,  
Arms that may grace a God !—but to your Tents  
Unhappy me convey ; or bound with Chains,  
Fast bound with cruel Chains, sad on the Shores  
Here leave me Captive, till you safe return,  
And witness to the Truth my Tongue unfolds.

To

To whom stern frowning *Diomed* replies,  
Tho' every Syllable be stamp'd with Truth,  
*Dolon* thou dy'ft: woud'ft thou once more return  
Darkling a Spy, or wage a nobler Foe  
New War on *Greece*? Traytor thou dy'ft, nor more  
New War thou wageft, nor return'ft a Spy.

He spoke terrific, and as *Dolon* rais'd  
Suppliant his humble Hands, the trenchant Blade  
Sheer thro' his Neck descends; the furious Blow  
Cleaves the tough Nerves in twain, down drops  
the Head,

And mutters unintelligible Sounds.

Straight they despoil the Dead, the Wolf's grey Hide  
They seize, the Helm, the Spear, and Battle-Bow:

These as they drop'd with Gore, on high in Air

*Ulysses* rais'd, and to the martial Maid

Thus



Thus lowly consecrates: Stern Pow'r of War,  
 Virgin Armipotent, receive these Arms,  
 Propitious to my Vows, thee, Goddess, thee  
 Chiefly I call: Direct our prosp'rous Way  
 To pierce the *Thracian* Tents, to seize the Steeds  
 Of *Rhesus*, and the Car, that flames with Gold.

Then fierce o'er broken Arms, thro' Streams of  
 Blood

They move along: now reach the *Thracian* Bands  
 All hush'd in Sleep profound; their shining Arms  
 Rang'd in three Ranks along the Plain, around  
 Illumin'd the dun Air: Chariot and Horse  
 By every *Thracian* flood: *Rhesus* their King  
 Slept in the Center of the circling Bands,  
 And his proud Steeds were Rein'd behind his Car.  
 With Joy *Ulysses* thro' the Gloom descry'd  
 The sleeping King, and lo! he cries, the Steeds,

Lo!

Lo! *Diomed* the Chief of *Thrace*, this Night  
Describ'd by *Dolon* : Now, O now, thy Strength  
Dauntless exert ! loose thou the furious Steeds,  
Or while the Steeds I loose, with slaughtering Hands  
Invade the Soldiery : - He spoke, and now  
The Queen of Arms inflam'd *Tydides'* Soul  
With all her martial Fires : his reeking Blade  
On every side dealt Fate ; low, hollow Groans  
Murmur'd around, Blood o'er the crimson Field  
Well'd from the Slain : As in his nightly Haunts  
The surly Lion rushes on the Fold  
Of Sheep, or Goat, and rends th' unguarded Prey,  
So he the *Thracian* Bands : Twelve by his Sword  
Lay breathless on the Ground : behind him stood  
Sage *Ithacus*, and as the Warrior flew,  
Swift he remov'd the Slain, lest the fierce Steeds  
Not yet inur'd to Blood, should trembling start  
Reluctant from the Dead : Now o'er the King

He

He whirls his wrathful Blade, now furious gores  
His heaving Chest: he wake'd not, but a Dream  
By *Pallas* sent, rose in his anxious Thoughts ;  
A visionary Warrior frowning stood  
Fast by his Head, and his aerial Sword  
Plung'd thro' his labouring Breast: Mean while the  
      Stceads

The Sage unbinds, and instant with his Bow  
Drives thro' the sleeping Ranks: Then to his Friend  
Gave Signals of Retreat; but nobler Deeds  
He meditates, to drag the radiant Car,  
Or lift it thro' the threefold Ranks, up-born  
High on his Shoulders, or with Slaughter slain  
Th' ensanguin'd Field; when lo! the Martial Maid  
Down rushes from the Battlements of Heav'n,  
And sudden cries, Return, brave Chief, return,  
Left from the Skies some Guardian Pow'r of *Troy*  
Wrathful descend, and rouze the hostile Bands.

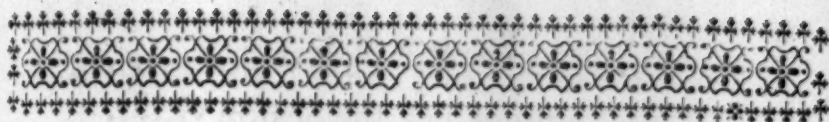
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Thus

Thus speaks the Warrior Queen, the heav'nly Voice  
*Tydid*es owns, and mounts the fiery Steeds  
Observant of the high Command ; the Bow  
Sage *Ithacus* apply'd, and tow'rd the Tents  
Scourg'd the proud Steeds, the Steeds flew o'er the  
Plain.







A

P A S T Ó R A L,

*To a young Lady upon her leaving the Country.*

D A M O N.

SAY, while each Scene so beautiful appears,  
Why heaves thy Bosom; and why flow thy  
Tears?

See! from the Clouds the Spring descends in Show'rs,  
The painted Valleys laugh with rising Flow'rs:  
Smooth flow the Floods, soft breathe the vernal Airs,  
The Spring, Flow'rs, Floods, conspire to charm our  
Cares.

## F L O R U S.

But vain the Pleasure which the Season yields,  
The laughing Valleis, or the painted Fields.  
No more, ye Floods, in silver Mazes flow,  
Smile not, ye Flow'rs, no more soft Breezes blow;  
Far, *Damon*, far from these unhappy Groves,  
The cruel, lovely *Rosalinda* roves.

## D A M O N.

Ah! now I know why late the opening Buds  
Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;  
Why droop'd the Lilly in her snowy Pride,  
And why the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd;  
For thee, fair *Rosalind*, the opening Buds  
Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;  
For thee the Lilly shed her snowy Pride,  
For thee the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon' Vine in soft Embraces weaves  
Her wanton Ringlets with the Myrtle's Leaves,  
There tun'd sweet *Philomel* her sprightly Lay,  
Both to the rising and the falling Day ;  
But since fair *Rosalind* forfook the Plains,  
Sweet *Philomel* no more renews her Strains ;  
With Sorrow dumb, she disregards her Lay,  
Nor greets the rising nor the falling Day.

DAMON.

Say, O ye Winds, that range the distant Skies,  
Now swell'd to Tempests by my rising Sighs ;  
Say, while my *Rosalind* deserts these Shores,  
How *Damon* dies for whom his Soul adores.

## F L O R U S.

Ye murm'ring Fountains, and ye wand'ring Floods,  
That visit various Lands thro' various Roads;  
Say, when ye find where *Rosalind* resides,  
Say, how my Tears increase your swelling Tides.

## D A M O N.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan Swains,  
Who range the mazy Grove, or flow'ry Plains,  
Beside what Fountain, in what breezy Bow'r,  
Sleeps my dear Charmer in the noon-tide Hour!

## F L O R U S.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping Fawns,  
By the fleet Roes, that bound along the Lawns;  
Soft tread, ye Virgin Daughters of the Grove,  
Nor with your Dances wake my sleeping Love!

D A M O N.



D A M O N.

Return, O Virgin, and if proud Disdain  
Arm thy fierce Soul, return, enjoy my Pain ;  
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful Lover's Cares,  
Thick rise, ye Sighs ; in Floods descend, ye Tears.

F L O R U S.

Return, O Virgin ! while in verdant Meads  
By Springs we sport, or dream on flow'ry Beds ;  
She weary wanders thro' the desert Way,  
The Food of Wolves, or hungry Lions Prey.

D A M O N.

Ah ! shield her, Heav'n ! your Rage, ye Beasts,  
forbear !

Hers are not Limbs for Savages to tear !

Adieu, ye Meads ! with her thro' Wilds I go,

O'er burning Sands, or everlasting Snow ;

K 4

With

With her I wander thro' the desert Way,  
The Food of Wolves, or hungry Lions Prey.

## FLORUS.

Come, *Rosalind*, before the wint'ry Clouds  
Frown o'er th' aerial Vault, and rush in Floods;  
E'er raging Storms howl o'er the frozen Plains;  
Thy Charms may suffer by the Storms or Rains.

## DAMON.

Come, *Rosalind*, O come! then infant Flow'rs  
Shall bloom and smile, and form their Charms by  
yours;

By you, the Lilly shall her White compose,  
Your Blush shall add new Blushes to the Rose;  
Each flow'ry Mead, and ev'ry Tree shall bud,  
And fuller Honours cloath the youthful Wood.

FLORUS.

Yet, ah ! forbear to urge thy homeward Way,  
While sultry Suns infest the glowing Day :  
The sultry Suns thy Beauties may impair—  
Yet haste away ! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON.

Hark ! from yon' Bow'r what Airs soft warbled  
play,  
My Soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting Lay :  
Silence, ye Nightingales ! attend the Voice !  
While thus it warbles, all your Songs are Noise.

FLORUS.

See ! from the Bow'r a Form majestic moves,  
And smoothly gliding shines along the Groves ;  
Say, comes a Goddess from the golden Spheres ?  
A Goddess comes, or *Rosalind* appears !

DA-

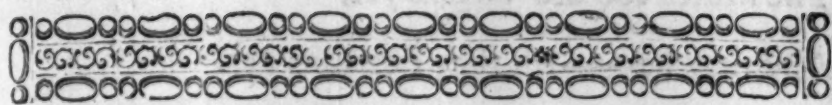
## D A M O N.

Shine forth, thou Sun, bright Ruler of the Day,  
And where she treads, ye Flow'rs, adorn the Way!  
Rejoice, ye Groves, my Heart dismiss thy Cares!  
My Goddess comes, my *Rosalind* appears.



Pover-





## Poverty and Poetry.

'T Was sung of old how one *Amphion*,  
 Could by his Verses tame a Lion ;

And by his strange enchanting Tunes,

Make Bears or Wolves dance Rigadoons :

His Songs could call the Timber down,

And form it into House or Town ;

But it is plain that in these times

No House is rais'd by Poets Rhimes ;

They for themselves can only rear

A few wild Castles in the Air ;

Poor are the Brethren of the Bays,

Down from high Strains, to Ekes and Ayes.

The

The Muses too are Virgins yet,  
And may be——till they Portions get.

Yet still the doating Rhimer dreams,  
And sings of *Helicon's* bright Streams,  
But *Helicon*, for all his clatter,  
Yields only uninspiring Water ;  
Yet e'vn athirst he sweetly sings  
Of *Nectar*, and *Elysian* Springs.

What dire malignant Planet sheds,  
Ye Bards, his Influence on your Heads ?  
Lawyers, by endless Controversies,  
Consume unthinking Clients Purfes,  
As *Pharaoh's* Kine, which strange and odd is,  
Eat up the plump and fat ones Bodies.

The

The grave Physician, who by Physic,  
Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,  
Pursues a sure and thriving Trade,  
Tho' Patients die, the Doctor's paid ;  
Licens'd to kill, he gains a Palace,  
For what another mounts the Gallows.

In shady Groves the Muses stray,  
And love in flow'ry Meads to play ;  
An idle Crew ! whose only Trade is  
To shine in Trifles, like our Ladies ;  
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,  
While wiser *Pallas* thrives by spinning ;  
Thus they get nothing to bequeath  
Their Vor'ries, but a Laurel Wreath.

But

But Love rewards the Bard ! the Fair  
Attend his Song, and ease his Care :  
Alas ! fond Youth, your Plea you urge ill  
Without a Jointure, tho' a *Virgil* ;  
Could you like *Phæbus* sing, in vain  
Like *Phæbus* you attune the Strain,  
Coy *Daphne* flies, and you will find as  
Hard Hearts as hers in your *Belindas*.

But then some say you purchase Fame,  
And gain that envy'd Prize, a Name ;  
Great Recompense ! like his who sells  
A Diamond, for Beads and Bells ;  
Will Fame be thought sufficient Bail  
To keep the Poet from the Jail ?

Thus



Thus the brave Soldier, in the Wars,  
Gets empty Praise, and aking Scars ;  
Is paid with Fame and wooden Legs,  
And starv'd, the glorious Vagrant begs.



To



To a L A D Y,  
*Playing with a S N A K E.*

## I.

**I**T is a dreadful, pleasing Sight !  
You give and rob us of Delight,  
At once you charm us, and affright.

## II.

In such a beauteous Horrour drest  
Fair *Cleopatra* shone confest,  
When fix'd on Death, her Hand apply'd  
The fatal Serpent to her Side.

## III.

III.

Ah lovely Nymph ! we now behold  
With longing Eyes, as they of old,  
A Serpent guard the Fruit of Gold.

IV.

Well pleas'd, and harmless, lo ! he lies,  
Basks in the Sunshine of your Eyes ;  
Now twists his Spires, and now unfurls  
The gay Confusion of his Curls.

V.

Oh ! happy on your Breast to lie,  
As that bright \* Star which gilds the Sky,  
Who ceasing in the Spheres to shine,  
Would, for your Breast, his Heav'n resign.

\* The Scorpion.

## VI.

Yet oh ! fair Virgin, caution take,  
Left some bold Cheat assume the Snake ;  
When *Jove* comprest the \* *Grecian* Dame,  
He laid aside the Lightning's Flame ;  
On radiant Spires the Lover rode,  
And in the Snake conceal'd the God.

\* *Olympia*, Mother of *Alexander the Great*.







*On the Birth-Day of a Gentle-  
man when three Years old.*

**A** Wake, sweet Babe ! the Sun's emerging Ray  
That gave you Birth, renews the Happy Day !  
Calmly Serene, and Glorious to the View  
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair Beauty's Bud ! when Time shall stretch thy Span,  
Confirm thy Charms, and ripen thee to Man,  
What plenteous Fruits thy Blossoms shall produce,  
And yield not barren Ornament, but Use ?  
Ev'n now thy Spring a rich Increase prepares  
On To crown thy riper Growth, and manly Years.

Thus in the Kernel's intricate disguise,  
In Miniature a little Orchard lies,  
The fibrous Labyrinths by just degrees  
Stretch their swoln Cells, replete with future Trees,  
By Time evolv'd, the spreading Branches rise,  
Yield their rich Fruits, and shoot into the Skies.

As when an Artist plans a favourite Draught,  
The Structures rise responsive to the Thought ;  
A Palace grows beneath his forming Hands,  
Or worthy of a God a Temple stands :  
Such is thy rising Frame ! by Heav'n design'd  
A Temple, worthy of a Godlike Mind ;  
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display  
A fuller Beam of Heav'n's Æthereal Ray.

Fair Babe ! what Charms shall thy full Noon adorn,  
 When so admir'd, so glorious is thy Morn ?  
 Thy Race, like *Sol's*, in brightness is begun,  
 And we, like *Persians*, hail the rising Sun :  
 So fair thou art, that if great *Cupid* be  
 A Child, as Poets say, sure thou art He ;  
 Thus young *Iulus'* Form the Godhead took,  
 Such were his Smiles, and such his winning Look ;  
 Tho' sweet, yet awful ! tho' majestic, mild ;  
 Lov'd, yet rever'd ; a God, and yet a Child !  
 Fair *Venus* would mistake thee for her own,  
 Did not thy Eyes proclaim thee not her Son ;  
 There all the Lightnings of thy Mother's shine,  
 And with a fatal Brightness kill in Thine !

But oh ! when ripe for Death, Fate calls thee hence  
 Sure Lot of every mortal Excellence !

When, pregnant as the Womb, the teeming Earth  
Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second Birth,  
Rise, cloath'd with Beauties that shall never die,  
A Saint on Earth ! an Angel in the Sky !



The

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And





*The Forty-third Chapter of  
Ecclesiasticus.*

A P A R A P H R A S E.

THE Sun that rould his beamy Orb on high,  
Pride of the World and Glory of the Sky,  
Illustrious in his Course, in bright array  
Marches along the Heav'ns, and scatters Day  
O'er Earth, and o'er the Main, and thro' th' ethe-  
real Way.

He in the Morn renews his Radiant round,  
And warms the fragrant Bosom of the Ground;

But e'er the Noon of Day, in fiery Gleams  
He darts the Glory of his blazing Beams ;  
Beneath the Burnings of his sultry Ray,  
Earth to her Center pierc'd admits the Day ;  
Huge Vales expand, where Rivers roul'd before,  
And lessen'd Seas contract within their Shore.

O! Pow'r Supreme ! O! high above all height !  
Thou gav'st the Sun to shine, and thou art Light !  
Whether he falls or rises in the Skies,  
He by thy Voice is taught to fall or rise ;  
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his Sphere,  
And measures out the Day, the Month, and Year ;  
He drives the Hours along with slower pace,  
While the quick Minutes nimbly run their Race ;  
He wakes the Flow'rs that sleep within the Earth,  
And calls the fragrant Infants out to Birth ;

The

The fragrant Infants paint th' enamel'd Vales,  
And native Incense loads the balmy Gales ;  
The balmy Gales the Fragrancy convey  
To Heav'n, and to their God an Offering pay.

By thy Command the Moon, as Day-light fades,  
Lifts her broad Circle in the deep'ning Shades ;  
Array'd in Glory, and enthron'd in Light,  
She breaks the solemn Terrors of the Night ;  
Sweetly inconstant in her varying Flame,  
She changes still, another, yet the same !  
Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds  
Her fading Lustre in a Veil of Clouds ;  
Now at increase, her gathering Beams display  
A Blaze of Light, and give a paler Day ;  
Ten thousand Stars adorn her glitt'ring Train,  
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again ;

And

And o'er the Desarts of the Sky unfold  
Their burning Spangles of sidereal Gold :  
Thro' the wide Heav'ns she moves serenely bright,  
Queen of the gay Attendants of the Night ;  
Orb above Orb in sweet Confusion lies,  
And with a bright Disorder paints the Skies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry Bow,  
Turn'd its gay Arch, and bade its Colours glow ;  
Its radiant Circle compasses the Skies,  
And sweetly the rich Tinctures faint, and rise ;  
It bids the Horrors of the Storm to cease,  
Adorns the Clouds, and makes the Tempest please.

He when embattled Clouds in black array,  
O'er the wide Heav'ns their gloomy Fronts display,  
Pours down a watry Deluge from on high,  
And opens all the Sluices of the Sky ;

The



The rushing Torrents drown the floated Ground,  
The Mountains tremble, and the Plains resound ;  
Mean time from every Region of the Sky,  
Red burning Bolts in forky Vengeance fly ;  
Dreadfully bright o'er Seas and Earth they glare,  
And Bursts of Thunder rend th' encumber'd Air ;  
At once the Thunders of th' Almighty found,  
Heav'n lows, descend the Floods, and rocks the  
Ground.

He gives the furious Whirlwind Wings to fly,  
To rend the Earth, and wheel along the Sky ;  
In circling Eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,  
Drives Wave on Wave, and dashes Cloud on Cloud ;  
Where'er it moves, it lays whole Forests low,  
And at the Blast, eternal Mountains bow ;  
While tearing up the Sands, in drifts they rise,  
And half the Desarts mount the burthen'd Skies.

He

He from aëreal Treasures downward pours  
Sheets of unfully'd Snow in lucid Show'rs,  
Flake after Flake, thro' Air thick-wavering flies,  
Till one vast shining Waste all Nature lies ;  
Then the proud Hills a Virgin Whiteness shed,  
A dazzling Brightness glitters from the Mead :  
The hoary Trees reflect a silver Show,  
And Groves beneath the lovely Burthen bow.

He from loose Vapours with an Icy Chain  
Binds the round Hail, and moulds the harden'd Rain ;  
The stony Tempest, with a rushing Sound,  
Beats the firm Glebe, resulting from the Ground ;  
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades  
The rising Herb, or breaks the spreading Blades ;  
While infant Flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy Heads,  
Crush'd by its Fury sink into their Beds.

When

When stormy Winter from the frozen North  
Borne on his Icy Chariot issues forth ;  
The blasted Groves their verdant Pride resign,  
And Waters harden'd into Crystal shine :  
Sharp blows the Rigour of the piercing Winds,  
And the broad Floods as with a Breast-plate binds ;  
Ev'n the proud Seas forget in Tides to roul  
Beneath the Freezings of the Northern Pole ;  
There Waves on Waves in solid Mountains rise,  
And *Alpes* of Ice invade the wondring Skies ;  
While Gulphs below, and slippery Vallies lie,  
And with a dreadful Brightness pain the Eye ;  
But if warm Winds, a warmer Air restore,  
And softer Breezes bring a genial Show'r,  
The genial Show'r revives the chearful Plain,  
And the huge Hills flow down into the Main.

When

When the Seas rage, and loud the Ocean roars,  
When foaming Billows lash the sounding Shores ;  
If he in Thunder bid the Waves subside,  
The Waves obedient sink upon the Tide,  
A sudden Peace controuls th' unfolded Deep,  
And the still Waters in soft Silence sleep.  
Then Heav'n lets down a Golden-streaming Ray,  
And all the broad Expansion flames with Day :  
In the clear Glafs the Mariners descry  
A Sun inverted, and a downward Sky.

They who advent'rous plow the watry Way,  
The dreadful Wonders of the Deep survey ;  
Familiar with the Storms their Sails unbind,  
Tempt the rough Blast, and bound before the Wind :  
Now high they mount, now shoot into a Vale,  
Now smooth their Course, and scud before the Gale ;

There



There rouling Monsters, arm'd in scaly Pride,  
 Flounce in the Billows, and dash wide the Tide ;  
 There huge *Leviathan* unwieldy moves,  
 And thro' the Waves, a living Island, roves ;  
 In dreadful Pastime terribly he sports,  
 And the vast Ocean scarce his Weight supports ;  
 Where'er he turns the hoary Deeps divide,  
 He breathes a Tempest, and he spouts a Tide.

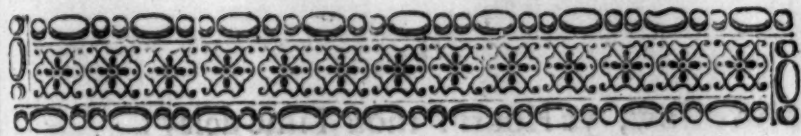
Thus, Lord, the Wonders of Earth, Sea, and Air,  
 Thy boundless Wisdom, and thy Pow'r declare ;  
 Thou high in Glory, and in Might serene,  
 See'st and mov'st all, thy self unmov'd, unseen :  
 Should Men and Angels join in Songs to raise  
 A grateful Tribute equal to thy Praise,  
 Yet far thy Glory would their Praise outshine,  
 Tho' Men and Angels in the Song should join ;

For

For tho' this Earth with Skill divine is wrought,  
Tho' wondrous ev'n beyond the Reach of Thought,  
Yet in the spacious Regions of the Skies  
New Scenes unfold, and Worlds on Worlds arise,  
There other Orbs, round other Suns advance,  
Float in the Air, and run their mystic Dance ;  
And yet the Pow'r of thy Almighty Hand,  
Can build another World from every Sand.



*The*



THE  
PARTING,  
A  
SONG,

Set by Dr. TUDWAY, Profes-  
sor of Music in Cambridge.

I.

W H E N from the Plains *Belinda* fled,  
The sad *Amyntor* sigh'd,  
And thus while Streams of Tears he shed,  
The mournful Shepherd cry'd.

M

IL

## II.

“ Move flow, ye Hours ! thou Time delay !

“ Prolong the bright *Belinda's* stay :

“ But you, like her, my Pray'r deny,

“ And cruelly away ye fly.

## III.

“ Yet tho' she flies, she leaves behind

“ Her lovely Image in my Mind ;

“ O fair *Belinda*, with me stay,

“ Or take thy Image too away !

## IV.

“ See ! how the Fields are gay around,

“ How painted Flow'rs adorn the Ground !

“ As if the Fields, as well as I,

“ Were proud to please my Fair-One's Eye.



V.

" But now, ye Fields no more be gay,  
" No more, ye Flow'rs, your Charms display !  
" 'Tis Defart all, now you are fled,  
" And Paradise is where you tread.

VI.

Unmov'd the Virgin flies his Cares,  
    To shine at Court and Play,  
To lonely Shades the Youth repairs,  
    To weep his Life away.





*On a Flower which Belinda  
gave me from her Bosom.*

SAY, lovely Offspring of the *May*,  
 So sweetly fair, so richly gay,  
 Say, where a Flow'r so beauteous grows,  
 Or whence thy balmy Odour flows?  
 Such balmy Odour is not found  
 On *Indian*, nor *Arabian* Ground:  
 O! sweeter than each Flow'r that blooms,  
 This Fragrance from thy Bosom comes!  
 Thence, thence such Sweets are spread abroad,  
 As might be Incense for a God!

When

When *Venus* stood conceal'd from View,  
Her Son, the latent \* Goddess knew,  
Such Sweets breath'd round! and thus we know  
Our other *Venus* here below.

But while, frail Gift, thy Glories last,  
Which gay at Morn, at Eve are past;  
Shew, by thy Beauties and Perfumes,  
Shew fair *Belinda* how she blooms;  
Put on thy Charms, thy fairest Dress,  
And when they all are on, confess  
How much they all than hers are less:  
Then by a sudden swift Decay,  
Let all thy Beauties fade away,  
And let her in thy Glass descry  
How Youth, and how frail Beauty die.

\* Ambrosiæq; comæ divinum vertice odorem  
Spiravêre. *Virg.*

And lo! it scarce perfumes the Skies,  
 It folds its Leaves, it fades, it dies;  
 See! how at once it sheds its Hue,  
 Tho' while 'twas yours it charm'd the View,  
 Unfaded, as before it grew.  
 The fragrant Flow'rs of *Eden* so,  
 In *Paradise* would only grow,  
 So the sweet-smelling *Indian* Flow'rs,  
 Griev'd when they leave those happy Shores,  
 Sicken and die away in ours.

I now, vain Infidel, no more  
 Deride th' *Egyptians*, that adore  
 The rising Herb, and blooming Flow'r;  
 Now, now their Convert I will be,  
 O lovely Flow'r, to worship thee.



But if thou'rt one of their sad Train  
 Who dy'd for Love, and cold Disdain,  
 Who chang'd by some kind pitying Pow'r;  
 A Lover once, art now a Flow'r;  
 O pity me, O weep my Care,  
 A thousand, thousand Pains I bear,  
 I love, I die thro' deep Despair.



M 4 THE



THE

## STORY of TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of *Apollonius*  
*Rhodius*. V. 1629.

*The following Verses from Apollonius will appear very extravagant, unless we have recourse to their Allegorical Meaning. Plato in his Minos thus writes; Talus and Rhadamanthus were the Assistants of Minos in the Execution of his Laws: It was the Office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every Year, to enforce them with the utmost Severity: the Poet alludes to this Custom in these Words;*

Fierce Guard of Crete! who thrice each Year  
 explores

The trembling Isle, and strides from Shores to  
 Shores.

Talus

Talus is fabled to be form'd of Brass, because the Laws which he carry'd with him in his Circuit, were engraven upon brazen Tables. It is not improbable but the Fable of the bursting the Vein above the Ankle of Talus, by which he dy'd, arose from the manner of Punishment practis'd by him, which was by opening a Vein above the Ankles of Criminals, by which they bled to death.

---

Ἡμῶν δ' ἡλίου μὲν ἴδου, αἰὰ δ' ἥλυθεν ἀστὴρ  
 \*Αυλῶν, &c.

---

THE Evening Star now lifts, as Day-light fades,  
 His golden Circlet in the deepning Shades,  
 Stretch'd at his Ease, the weary Lab'rer shares  
 A sweet Forgetfulness of Human Cares ;  
 At once in Silence sink the sleeping Gales,  
 The Mast\* they drop, and furl the flagging Sails,

\* Argonauts.

All

All night, all day, they ply the bending Oars,  
Tow'rd *Carpathus*, and reach the rocky Shores;  
Thence *Crete* they view, emerging from the Main,  
The Queen of Isles, but *Crete* they view in vain,  
There *Talus* Mountains hurls with all their Woods,  
Whole Seas roul back, and tossing swell in Floods;  
Amaz'd, the tow'ring Monster they survey,  
And trembling fly the interdicted Bay;  
His birth he drew from Giants sprung from Oak,  
Or the hard Entrails of the stubborn Rock,  
Fierce Guard of *Crete*! who thrice each Year explores  
The trembling Isle, and strides from Shores to Shores,  
A Form of living Brass! one part beneath  
Alone he bears, a Path to let in Death,  
Where o'er the Ankle swells the turgid Vein,  
Soft to the Stroke, and sensible of Pain.

And



And now her Magic Spells *Medea* tries,  
 Bids the red Fiends, the Dogs of *Orcus* rise,  
 That starting dreadful from th' infernal Shade,  
 Ride Heav'n in Storms, and all that breathes, invade;  
 Thrice she applies the Pow'r of Magic Pray'r,  
 Thrice, hellward bending, mutters Charms in Air;  
 Then turning tow'rd the Foe, bids Mischief fly,  
 And looks Destruction, as she points her Eye;  
 Then Spectres, rising from *Tartarean* Bow'rs,  
 Howl round in Air, or grin along the Shores;  
 While rending up the Earth, in wrath he throws  
 Rock after Rock, against th' aerial Foes:  
 But frantic as he strides, a sudden Wound  
 Bursts the Life-Vein, and Blood o'erspreads the  
 Ground,  
 As from the Furnace, in a burning Flood  
 Pours molten Lead, so pours in Streams his Blood;  
 And

And now he staggers, as the Spirit flies,  
 He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.  
 As some huge Cedar on a Mountain's Brow,  
 Pierc'd by the Steel, expects the final Blow,  
 A while it totters with alternate sway,  
 Till freshning Breezes thro' the Branches play ;  
 Then tumbling downward with a thundring sound,  
 Headlong it falls, and spreads a breadth of Ground :  
 So as the Giant falls, the Ocean roars,  
 Out-stretch'd he lies, and covers half the Shores.



From



*From the Eleventh Book of the  
Iliads of HOMER.*

In the Stile of MILTON.

NOW gay *Aurora* from *Tithonus'* Bed  
Rose in the Orient, to proclaim the Day  
To Gods and Men : down to the *Grecian* Tents  
*Saturnian Jove* sends Discord, red with Blood,  
War in her Hand she grasps, Ensigns of War ;  
On brave *Ulysses'* Ship she took her Stand,  
The Center of the Host ; that all might hear  
Her dreadful Voice : her dreadful Voice she rais'd,  
Jarring along the rattling Shores it ran

To

To the Fleet's wide Extremes ; *Achilles* heard,  
And *Ajax* heard the sound ; with martial Fires  
Now every Bosom burns, Arms, horrid Arms,  
Fierce they demand ; the noble *Orthian* Song  
Swell every Heart, no coward Thoughts of flight  
Rise in their Souls, but Blood they breathe and War.

Now by the Trench profound, the Charioteers  
Range their proud Steeds, now Car by Car displays  
A direful Front ; now o'er the trembling Field  
Rushes th' embattled Foot ; Noise rends the Skies,  
Noise unextinguish'd : e'er the beamy Day  
Flam'd in th' aerial Vault, stretch'd in the Van  
Stood the bold Infantry : The rushing Cars  
Form'd the deep Rear in battailous Array.  
Now from his Heav'ns *Jove* hurls his burning Bolts,  
Hoarse muttering Thunders grumble in the Sky,  
While from the Clouds, instead of Morning-Dews,

Huge



Huge Drops of Blood distain the crimson Ground;  
Fatal Prefage! that in that dreadful Day  
The Great should bleed, imperial Heads lie low!

Mean time the Bands of *Troy* in proud array  
Stand to their Arms: and from a rising Ground  
Breathe furious War: Here gathering Hosts attend  
The tow'ring *Hector*: there refulgent Bands  
Surround *Polydamas*, *Aeneas* there  
Marshals his dauntless Files; nor unemploy'd  
Stand *Polybus*, *Agenor* great in Arms,  
And *Acamas*, whose Frame the Gods endow'd  
With more than mortal Charms: fierce in the Van  
Stern *Hector* shines, and shakes his blazing Shield,  
As the fierce Dog-star with malignant Fires  
Flames in the front of Heav'n, then lost in Clouds,  
Veils his pernicious Beams; from Rank to Rank  
So *Hector* strode; now dreadful in the Van

Advanc'd his Sun-broad Shield, now to the Rear  
Rushing he disappear'd : His radiant Arms  
Blaz'd on his Limbs, and bright as *Jove's* dire Bolts  
Flash'd o'er the Field and lighten'd to the Skies.

As toiling Reapers in some spacious Field,  
Rang'd in two Bands, move adverse, Rank on Rank  
Where o'er the Tilth the Grain in Sheaves of Gold  
Waves nodding to the Breeze ; at once they bend,  
At once the copious Harvest swells the Ground :  
So rush to Battle o'er the dreadful Field  
Host against Host ; they meet, they close, and Ranks  
Tumble on Ranks ; no Thoughts appear of Flight,  
None of Dismay : dubious in even Scales  
The Battle hangs, not fiercer, ravenous Wolves  
Dispute the Prey ; the deathful Scene with Joy  
Discord, dire Parent of tremendous Woes,  
Surveys exultant : of th' immortal Train

Discord

Discord alone descends, assists alone  
 The Horrors of the Field; in peace the Gods  
 High in *Olympian* Bow'rs on radiant Thrones  
 Lament the Woes of Man; but loud Complaints  
 From every God arose; *Jove* favour'd *Troy*,  
 At partial *Jove* they murmur'd: he unmov'd  
 All Heav'n in murmurs heard, apart he sat  
 Enthron'd in Glory: down to Earth he turn'd  
 His stedfast Eye, and from his Throne survey'd  
 The rising Tow'rs of *Troy*, the tented Shores,  
 The Blaze of Arms, the Slayer and the Slain.

While with his morning Wheels, the God of  
 Day

Climb'd up the Steep of Heav'n, with equal Rage  
 In hissing Storms the Shafts from Host to Host  
 Flew adverse, and in equal Numbers fell  
 Promiscuous *Greek* and *Trojan*, till the Hour

N

When

When the tir'd Woodman in the shady Vale  
 Spreads his penurious Meal, when high the Sun  
 Flames in the Zenith, and his sinewy Arms  
 Scarce wield the pondrous Ax, while Hunger keen  
 Admonishes, and Nature spent with Toil  
 Craves due Repast—Then *Greece* the Ranks of  
*Troy*

With horrid Inroad goar'd ; fierce from the Van  
 Sprung the stern \* King of Men; and breathing  
 Death

Where in firm Battle, *Trojans* Band by Band  
 Embod'y'd stood, pursu'd his dreadful way ;  
 His Host his Step attends ; now glows the War,  
 Horse treads on Horse, and Man encountring Man,  
 Swells the dire Field with Death, the plunging Steeds  
 Beat the firm Glebe ; thick Dust in rising Clouds  
 Darkens the Sky: Indignant o'er the Plain

\* *Agamemnon.*

*Atrides*



*Atrides* stalks ; Death every step attends.

As when in some huge Forest, sudden Flame's

Rage dreadful, when rough Winds assist the Blaze,

From Tree to Tree the fiery Torrent rous,

And the vast Forest sinks with all its Groves

Beneath the burning Deluge ; so whole Hosts

Sunk by *Atrides*' Arm : Car against Car

Rush'd rattling o'er the Field, and thro' the Ranks

Unguided broke : while breathless on the Ground

Lay the pale Charioteers : In death deform'd ;

To their chaste Brides sad Spectacles of Woe,

Now only grateful to the Fowls of Air.

Mean time the Care of *Jove*, great *Hector* stood

Secure in Scenes of Death, in Storms of Darts,

In Slaughter and Alarms, in Dust and Blood.

Still *Agamemnon* rushing o'er the Field  
Leads his bold Bands : Whole Hosts before him fly,  
Now *Ilus'* Tomb they pass, now urge their way  
Close by the Fig-tree Shade : With Shouts the King  
Pursues the Foe incessant, Dust and Blood,  
Blood mix'd with Dust, distains his murd'rous  
Hands.

As when a Lion in the Gloom of Night  
Invades an Herd of Beaves, o'er all the Plains  
Trembling they scatter : furious on the Prey  
The generous Savage flies, and with fierce joy  
Seizes the last : His hungry foaming Jaws  
Churn the black Blood, and rend the panting Prey  
Thus fled the Foe, *Atrides* thus pursu'd,  
And still the hindmost flew : they from their Cars  
Fell headlong, for his Javelin, wild for Blood

Rag'd terribly ; and now proud *Troy* had fall'n,  
But the dread Sire of Men and Gods descends  
Terrific from his Heav'ns, his vengeful Hand  
Ten thousand Thunders grasps : on *Ida's* Heights  
He takes his stand, it shakes with all its Groves  
Beneath the God ; the God suspends the War.





## P R O L O G U E

*To Mr. Fenton's excellent Tragedy* M A R I A M N E.

W H E N breathing Statues mouldring waste away,  
 And Tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;  
 The Muse rewards the suff'ring Good with Fame,  
 Or wakes the prosp'rous Villain into Shame;  
 To the stern Tyrant gives fictitious Pow'r  
 To reign the restless Monarch of an Hour.

Obedient to her Call, this Night appears  
 Great *Herod*, rising from a length of Years;



A Name, enlarg'd with Titles not his own,  
 Servile to mount, and savage on a Throne ;  
 Whose bold Ambition trembling *Jewry* view'd  
 In Blood of half her Royal Race imbru'd ;  
 But now reviving in the *British* Scene,  
 He looks majestic with a milder Mien,  
 His Features soften'd with the deep Distress  
 Of Love, made greatly wretched by Excess :  
 From Lust of Pow'r to jealous Fury tost,  
 We see the Tyrant in the Lover lost.

But if no Pity suffering Love must claim,  
 Whose Crime, was burning with too fierce a Flame ;  
 Yet see, ye Fair, and see with pitying Eyes,  
 An injur'd Beauty, *Mariamne* rise !  
 No fancy'd Tale ! our opening Scenes disclose  
 Historic Truth, and swell with real Woes :

Awful in virtuous Grief the Queen appears,  
And strong the Eloquence of Royal Tears;  
By Woes ennobled, with majestic pace,  
She meets Misfortune, glorious in Disgrace!  
Small is the Praise of Beauty, when it flies  
Fair Honour's Laws, at best but lovely Vice;  
Charms it like *Venus* with celestial Air?  
Ev'n *Venus* is but scandalously Fair;  
But when strict Honour with fair Features joins,  
Like Heat and Light, at once it warms and shines.  
Then let her Fate your kind Attention raise,  
Whose perfect Charms, were but her second Praise;  
Beauty and Virtue your Protection claim,  
Give Tears to Beauty, give to Virtue Fame.





*To a Gentleman, who corrected  
some of my V E R S E S.*

**I**F e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,  
'Tis when you animate and tune her Strings;  
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her Wings.  
You, like the Sun, your glorious Beams display,  
Deal to the darkest Orb a friendly Ray,  
And cloath it with the Lustre of the Day.

Mean was the Piece, unelegantly wrought,  
The Colours faint, irregular the Draught;  
But your commanding Touch, your nicer Art,  
Rais'd every Stroke, and brighten'd every Part.

So

So when *Luke* drew the Rudiments of Man,  
An Angel finish'd what the Saint began ;  
His wondrous Pencil, dipt in heav'nly Dyes,  
Gave Beauty to the Face, and Lightning to the Eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd Mass,  
You gave the royal Stamp, and made it pass ;  
Hence e'vn Deformity a Beauty grew,  
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by  
You ;

Tho' like *Prometheus* I the Image frame,  
You give the Life, and bring the heav'nly Flame.

Thus when the *Nile* diffus'd his watry Train  
In Streams of Plenty o'er the fruitful Plain ;  
Unshapen Forms, the Refuse of the Flood,  
Issu'd imperfect from the teeming Mud ;



But the great Source and Parent of the Day,  
Fashion'd the Creature, and inform'd the Clay.

Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,  
Views her own Lowness, and *Parnassus*' Height ;  
But when you aid her Song, and deign to nod,  
She spreads a bolder Wing, and feels the present God.

So the *Cumæan* Prophetess was dumb,  
Blind to the Knowledge of Events to come ;  
But when *Apollo* in her Breast abode,  
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing God ;  
Then Accents more than mortal from her broke,  
And what the God inspir'd, the Priestess spoke.



*Monsieur*



*Monsieur Maynard Imitated.*

To the Right Honourable

The Lord CORNWALLIS.

I.

WHILE past its Noon the Lamp of Life declines,  
And Age my withering Bloom invades;  
Faint, and more faint, as it descends, it shines,  
And hastes alas ! to set in Shades.

II.

Then some kind Pow'r shall guide my Ghost to Glades,  
Where seated by *Elysian* Springs,  
Great *Addison* attunes to Patriot Shades  
His Lyre, and *Albion's* Glory sings,

III.

III.

There round, Majestic Shades, and Heroes Forms  
Will throng, to learn what Pilot guides  
Watchful *Britannia's* Helm thro' factious Storms,  
And curbs the murmuring rebel Tides.

IV.

I tell how TOWNSHEND treads the glorious Path  
That leads the Great to deathless Fame,  
And dwell at large on spotless *English* Faith,  
While WALPOLE is the favourite Theme? /

V.

How nobly rising in their Country's Cause  
The steadfast Arbiters of Right,  
Exalt the Just and Good, to guard her Laws,  
And call forth Merit into light.

VI.

## VI.

A loud Applause around the Echoing Coast  
Of all the pleas'd *Elysium* flies.——

But, Friend, what Place had you, replies some Ghost,  
When Merit was the way to rise?

## VII.

What Deanery, or Prebend thine, declare?

Good Heav'ns! unable to reply,

How like a stupid Ideot I should stare?

And answer,, Good my Lord, supply.







O N A

*Mischievous Woman.*

**F**ROM Peace, and social Joy *Medusa* flies,  
And loves to hear the Storm of Anger rise ;  
Thus Hags and Witches hate the Smiles of Day,  
Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play.



To



*To a Gentleman of Seventy, who  
married a Lady of Sixteen.*

What Woes must such unequal Union bring,  
When hoary Winter weds the youthful  
Spring?

You, like \* *Mezentius*, in the Nuptial Bed,  
Once more unite the living to the dead.

\* The living and the dead, at his command  
Were coupled Face to Face, and Hand to Hand.

*Virg. Æn. 8. Dryden.*





*An Epistle to my Friend*

Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,  
1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious  
Shell,

Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?

If thy bold Muse the tragic Buskin wears,

Great *Sophocles* revives and re-appears;

If by thy Hand th' *Homeric* Lyre be strung,

The Lyre returns such Sounds as *Homer* sung:

The kind Compulsion of a Friend obey,

And tho' reluctant, swell the lofty Lay;

O

Then

Then list'ning Groves once more shall catch the Sound,  
While *Grecian* Muses sing on *British* Ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own \* *Proteus* roves  
Thro' pearly Mazes, and thro' coral Groves ;  
But when, emerging from the azure Main,  
Coercive Bands th' unwilling God constrain,  
Then heaves his Bosom with prophetic Fires,  
And his Tongue speaks sublime, what Heav'n inspires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades  
What e'en fierce Lightning spares, the Laurel Shades,  
And Critics, byas'd by mistaken Rules,  
Like *Turkish* Zealots, reverence none but Fools.  
But Praise from such injurious\* Tongues is Shame,  
They rail an happy Author into Fame ;

\* See the Story of *Proteus*, *Odysssey*, lib. 4. translated by  
Mr. Fenton.



Thus *Phæbus* thro' the Zodiac takes his way,  
And rises amid Monsters into Day :  
Oh Vilence of Mankind! when writing well  
Becomes a Crime, and Danger to excel!  
With noble Scorn, my Friend, such Insults sees,  
And flies from Towns to Wilds, from Men to Trees.

Free from the Lust of Wealth, and glittering Snares,  
That make th' unhappy Great in love with Cares,  
Me humble Joys in calm Retirement please,  
A silent Happiness, and learned Ease :  
Deny me Grandeur, Heav'n, but Goodness grant !  
Superiour to a Monarch is a Saint :  
Hail, holy Virtue! come thou heav'nly Guest,  
Come, fix thy pleasing Empire in my Breast!  
Thou know'st her Influence, Friend! thy chearful

Mien

Proclaims the Innocence and Peace within ;

Such Joys as none but Sons of Virtue know,  
Shine in thy Face, and in thy Bosom glow.

So when the holy Mount the Prophet trod,  
And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God;  
Cælestial Radiance every Feature shed,  
And ambient Glories dawn'd around his Head.

Sure what th' unthinking Great mistaken call  
Their Happiness, is Folly, Folly all!  
Like lofty Mountains in the Clouds they hide  
Their haughty Heads, but swell with barren Pride;  
And while low Vales in useful Beauty lie,  
Heave their proud naked Summits to the Sky:  
In Honour, as in Place, ye Great, transcend!  
An Angel fal'n, degenerates to a Fiend:  
Th' all-cheering Sun is honour'd with his Shrines,  
Not, that he moves aloft, but that he shines:

Why flames the Star on \*WALPOLE's generous  
Breast?

Not that he's highest, but because he's best,

Fond to oblige, in blessing others, blest.

How wondrous few, by Avarice uncontroll'd,

Have Virtue to subdue the Thirst of Gold?

The shining Dirt the sordid Wretch ensnares

To buy with mighty Treasures, mighty Cares :

Blindly he courts, misguided by the Will,

A specious Good, and meets a real Ill ;

So when *Ulysses* plow'd the surgy Main ;

When now in view appear'd his native Reign,

His wayward Mates th' † *Æolian* Bag unbind

Expecting Treasures, but out rush'd a Wind ;

---

\*The Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*, created Knight  
of the most Noble Order of the Garter, 1726.

† See to *Odyssæy*, V. 40.

The sudden Hurricane in Thunder roars,  
Buffets the Bark, and whirls it from the Shores.

O Heav'n! by what vain Passions Man is sway'd,  
Proud of his Reason, by his Will betray'd?  
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of Vice,  
And hates Confinement, tho' in Paradise;  
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of *Eden's* Bow'rs,  
To rove in Wilds, and gather Thorns for Flow'rs;  
Between th' Extremes, direct he sees the Way,  
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard Souls indulge their craving Thirst,  
Rich without Bounty, with Abundance curst;  
The Prodigal pursues expensive Vice,  
And buys Dishonour at a mighty Price;  
On Beds of State the splendid Glutton sleeps,  
While starving Merit unregarded weeps;

His



His ill-plac'd Bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,  
A Dog, or fawning Sycophant receives ;  
And cringing Knaves, or haughty Strumpets share  
What would make Sorrow smile, and chear Despair.

O happier thou, my Friend, with Ease content,  
Blest with the Conscience of a Life well spent !  
Nor wou'dst be great ; but guide thy gather'd Sails,  
Safe by the Shore, nor tempt the rougher Gales ;  
For sure of all that feel the Wounds of Fate,  
None are compleatly wretched but the Great ;  
Superiour Woes, superiour Stations bring,  
A Peasant sleeps, while Cares awake a King :  
Expos'd to publick Rage, or private Arts ;  
There Fortune, and there Envy point their Darts ;  
Change but the Scene, and Kings in Dust decay,  
Swept from the Earth, the Pageants of a Day ;

There no Distinctions on the Dead await,  
 But pompous Graves, and Rottenness in State;  
 Such now are all that shone on Earth before,  
*Cæsar* and mighty *Marlbro'* are no more!  
 Unhallow'd Feet o'er awful *Tully* tread,  
 And *Hyde* and *Plato* join the vulgar Dead;  
 O \*COMPTON, when this Breath we once resign,  
 My Dust shall be as Eloquent as Thine.

Till that last Hour which calls me hence away  
 To pay that great Arrear which all must pay;  
 O! may I tread the Paths which Saints have trod,  
 And Men who know they walk before their God!  
 Come, taste my Friend! the Joys Retirement  
 brings,  
 Look down on Royal Slaves, and pity Kings.

\* The Right Honourable Sir *Spencer Compton*, Speaker of  
 the House of Commons.

More

More happy ! laid where Trees with Trees entwin'd,  
 In bow'ry Arches tremble to the Wind,  
 With Innocence and Shade like *Adam* blest,  
 While a new *Eden* opens in the Breast !  
 Then shall my Lyre to loftier Sounds be strung,  
 Inspir'd by \* *Homer*, or what thou hast sung :  
 My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer Ray ;  
 As Clouds are brighten'd by the God of Day.

So Trees unapt to bear, by Art refin'd,  
 With Shoots ennobled of a generous kind,  
 High o'er the Ground with Fruits adopted rise,  
 And lift their spreading Honours to the Skies.

\* The Author translated several Books in the *Odyssy*.





## COURAGE in LOVE.

**M**Y Eyes with Floods of Tears o'erflow,  
My Bosom heaves with constant Woe;  
Those Eyes, which thy Unkindness swells,  
That Bosom, where thy Image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a Flame  
Could ever warm that matchless Dame,  
When none Elysium must behold  
Without a radiant Bough of Gold?  
'Tis hers in higher Spheres to shine,  
At distance to admire, is mine;

While



While like th' enamour'd \* Youth I groan  
For a new Goddess form'd of Stone.

While thus I spoke, Love's gentle Pow'r  
Descended from th' Æthereal Bow'r;  
A Quiver at his Shoulder hung,  
A Shaft he grasp'd, and Bow unstrung.  
All Nature own'd the genial God,  
And the Spring flourish'd where he trod:  
My Heart, no Stranger to the Guest,  
Flutter'd and labour'd in my Breast;  
When with a Smile that kindles Joy  
Ev'n in the Gods, began the Boy:

How vain these Tears? is Man decreed,  
By being abject, to succeed?  
Will pale and meagre Looks prevail  
Where rosy Smiles, and Beauty fail?

\* Who pine'd to death for the Love of a beautiful Statue.

No!

No! Love's a Warfare, and there are  
Heroes in Love as well as War;  
Ev'n *Venus* may be known to yield,  
But 'tis when *Mars* disputes the Field:  
Sent from a daring Hand my Dart  
Strikes deep into the Fair-one's Heart:  
To Winds and Waves thy Cares bequeath,  
A Sigh, is but a waste of Breath:  
What tho' gay Youth, and every Grace,  
Tho' Beauty triumph in her Face,  
Yet Goddesses have deign'd to wed,  
And take a Mortal to their Bed?

Mark! how this Marygold conceals  
Her Beauty and her Bosom veils,  
How from the dull Embrace she flies  
Of *Phæbus*, when his Beams arise;

But

But when his Glory he displays,  
And darts around his fiercer Rays,  
Her Charms she opens, and receives  
The vigorous God into her Leaves.





T H E  
COMPLAINT.

*CÆLIA* to *DAMON*.

**I** Who was once the Glory of the Plain,  
 The fairest Virgin of the Virgin Train,  
 Am now (by thee O! faithless Man betray'd!)  
 A fal'n, a lost, a miserable Maid.  
 Ye Winds, that witness to my deep Despair,  
 Receive my Sighs, and waft them thro' the Air,  
 And gently breathe them to my *Damon's* Ear!

Curst,



Curst, ever curst be that unlucky Day,  
When trembling at my Feet the Charmer lay,  
When with soft Sighs he stole my Heart away.

Ye heedless Virgins, gaze not on his Eyes,  
Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies !

*Arcadian* Nymphs, that find him as he strays,  
Fly from his Voice, nor credit what he says,  
Charms has his Voice, but charming he betrays.  
At every Word, each Motion of his Eye,

A thousand Loves are born, a thousand Lovers die.

Say, gentle Youths, ye blest *Arcadian* Swains,  
Inhabitants of these delightful Plains,  
Say, if with you my Fugitive remains?  
To thee, dear Wand'rer, wheresoe'er you stray,  
Wild with Despair, impatient of Delay,  
Swift on the Wings of Love I'd take my way.

I'd

I'd then inform you, of your *Celia's* Cares,  
And try the Eloquence of female Tears;  
Fearless I'd pass where Desolation reigns,  
Tread the wild Waste, or burning *Lybian* Plains:  
Or where the *North* his furious Pinions tries,  
And howling Hurricanes affright the Skies!  
Should all the Monsters that *Getulia* bred,  
Oppose the Passage of a tender Maid,  
My *Damon* calls, I cannot be afraid.  
Bold was *Bonduca*, and her Arrows flew  
Swift and unerring from the twanging Yew:  
By Love inspir'd, I'll teach the Shaft to fly,  
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!  
If o'er the dreary *Caucasus* you go,  
Or Mountains crown'd with everlasting Snow,  
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,  
And dare all Cold, but in my *Damon's* Breast;

Or should you dwell beneath the sultry Ray,  
 Where rising *Phæbus* ushers in the Day,  
 There, there I dwell ! Thou Sun, exert thy Fires,  
 Love, mighty Love, a fiercer Flame inspires :  
 Or if a Pilgrim you would pay your Vows,  
 Where *Jordan's* Stream in soft Mæanders flows ;  
 I'll be a Pilgrim, and my Vows I'll pay  
 Where *Jordan's* Streams in soft Mæanders play :  
 Come, let us seek, my Fair, some flowr'y Bed !  
 Come, on thy Bosom rest my love-sick Head !  
 Come, drive thy Flocks beneath the shady Hills,  
 Or softly slumber by the murmuring Rills !  
 Ah no ! he flies ! that dear enchanting He !  
 Whose Beauty steals my very Self from Me !

But whence these sudden sad presaging Fears,  
 These rising Sighs, and whence these flowing Tears ?

P

Ah!

Or

Ah! lest the Trumpet's terrible Alarms,  
Have drawn the Lover from his *Celia's* Charms,  
To try the doubtful Field, and shine in azure Arms!  
Ah! canst thou bear the Labours of the War,  
Bend the tough Bow, or dart the pointed Spear?  
Desist fond Youth! let others Glory gain,  
Seek empty Honour o'er the surgy Main,  
Or rush in dreadful Arms impetuous to the Plain!  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the pleasurable Woods,  
The painted Meadows, and the crystal Floods,  
Claim and invite to bless their sweet Abodes.  
There shady Bow'rs, and sylvan Scenes arise,  
There Fountains murmur, and the Spring supplies  
Flow'rs to delight the Smell, or charm the Eyes:  
But mourn, ye sylvan Scenes, and shady Bow'rs,  
Weep all ye Fountains, languish all ye Flow'rs!



If in a Desert *Damon* but appear,  
 To *Celia*'s Eyes a Desert is more fair  
 Than all your Charms, when *Damon* is not there!  
 Gods! what soft Words, what sweet delusive Wiles  
 He has! and oh! those dear undoing Smiles;  
 Pleas'd with our ruin, to his Arms we run,  
 To be undone by him, who would not be undone?  
 Alas! I rave! ye swelling Torrents roul  
 Your wavy Tribute o'er my love-sick Soul!  
 To cool my Heart, your Waves, ye Oceans, bear,  
 Oh! vain are all your Waves, for Love is There!

But die, O wretched *Celia*, die! in vain  
 Thus to the Fields and Floods you tell your Pain!  
 Vain every Tear, and fruitless every Sigh,  
 And Life a load! forsaken *Celia*, die!  
 Forlorn! abandon'd! to the Rocks I go,  
 But they have learn'd new Cruelties of you!

Alone relenting Eccho with me mourns,  
And faint with Grief she scarce my Sighs returns.  
Pity, kind Heav'n, and right an injur'd Maid !  
Yet, oh ! yet, spare the dear Deceiver's Head !  
If from the sultry Suns at Noontide Hours  
He seek the Covert of the breezy Bow'rs,  
Awake, O South, and where my Charmer lies,  
Bid Roses bloom, and Beds of Fragrance rise :  
Gently, O ! gently round in Whispers fly,  
Sigh to his Sighs, and fan the glowing Sky !  
If o'er the Waves he cuts the liquid Way,  
Be still, ye Waves, or round his Vessel play !  
And you, ye Winds, confine each ruder Breath,  
Lie hush'd in Silence, and be calm in Death !  
But if he stay detain'd by adverse Gales,  
My Sighs shall drive the Ship, and fill the flagging  
Sails.



# TRANSLATIONS

From the *Greek* P O E T S

*Hesiod and Apollonius Rhodius.*

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— *Vos exemplaria Græca*  
*Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.* HOR.

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TRANSLATIONS

from the Greek text  
of the  
Book of the  
Apollonius Rhodius

For the  
Hon.





A N

## Explication of the Battle between the Gods and Giants.

**I***T is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Fable of the Battle between the Gods, and the Giants, is a physical Allegory, invented by the Antients, not only to denote the War between the superiour and inferiour Elements in their original Chaos, but in particular to express the Nature of the Winds inclos'd in the Bowels of the Earth; which struggling for Enlargement, have been suppos'd to be the Causes of Earthquakes, and other dreadful Commotions : but the Allegory is not to be confin'd solely to the Winds; the subterraneous Fires are likewise denoted by it, which bursting from the Earth (as from Ætna and Vesuvius) as it were, assault the Skies, and war with the superiour Ele-*

*ments. These are the Titans that hurl Rocks against the Gods; these are the Jupiter and Typhoeus of the Antients: for Jupiter, in their Mythology, constantly represents the superiour Element: Virgil is scarce more than a true Historian in his description of Ætna:*

Interdum scopulos, avulsaq; viscera montis  
Erigit eructans, liquefactaq; saxa sub auras  
Cum gemitu glomerat. —————

*That Poet directly applies these Commotions to one of the Giants, who is fabled to have warr'd with Heaven; an Argument that he understood that Fiction, to be a Physical Allegory.*

Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus  
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemq; insuper Ætnam  
Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis:  
Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem  
Murmure Trinacriam. Æn. 3.

*This Interpretation will give great light to the following Translation from Hesiod's Theogony.*

*When*

When we read that the Earth and the Poles shook in the Conflict; this we easily solve from the Nature of Earthquakes, and the violence of Lightning and Thunder: when Rocks and Hills are said to be remov'd by the Giants, it is literally true, as appears from the best Descriptions of burning Mountains: When those Monsters are feign'd to be buried beneath them, we are to understand that the Lodgment of subterraneous Fires is in the entrails of Mountains; and must be so according to true Philosophy, for the internal Fires, by a continual rarefaction and expansion of the enclos'd Air, heave up the Ground till it swells into a Mountain, or breaks out into fiery Eruptions. Thus also when we read of the Structure beneath the Earth, fram'd by Neptune, from whence all Rivers, and Fountains rise, we are to have recourse to the Opinions of the Antients, who imagin'd that not only Fountains, but Rivers, were fed by secret Channels from the Ocean, that is, from Neptune the God of it. By the Waters that float in the Air, are meant the Vapours exhal'd from the Seas, &c. which fall in Hail, Snow, Dew, or Rain.

*Rain.* When Jupiter is said to blast Typhoeus with Lightning, we are taught a piece of natural Philosophy, viz. That the Mines of Sulphur lodg'd in the Earth are fir'd by Lightning, which occasion violent Eruptions, or, as the Fable expresses it, a War between Jupiter and Typhocus. The Allegory further adds, that Storms are rais'd by Typhocus : And it is a certain Truth, that from the Chasms and Vents on the Tops of burning Mountains, a continual Wind issues forth, occasion'd by the rarefaction of the enclos'd Air, which consequently ascends, and breaks out with Violence. And indeed the Winds were anciently imagin'd to rise from the Earth : Hence the Poets feign'd that Æolus kept them imprison'd in a Dungeon ; and when he let them out, they caus'd Storms and Hurricanes. Thus Virgil,

—Hic vasto Rex Æolus Antro  
 Luctantes ventos, Tempestatessque sonoras  
 Imperio premit.

From



*From this Explication, the Reader will not be surpriz'd when he sees the Description of the variety of Noises utter'd by Typhoeus:*

Now bellowing like a savage Bull they roar,  
Or angry Lions in the midnight Hour, &c.

*They happily represent the dreadful Uproar made by the Violence of the fiery Eruptions; and the hundred Mouths of the Giants, mean only the Number of the Vents thro' which they issue at one time. It is not difficult to explain why the Day and the Night are imagin'd to reside alternately behind Atlas, and why he is feign'd to support the Heavens: Atlas is an exceeding high Mountain, and for that reason is fabled to sustain the Spheres; and because such high Hills intercept the Beams of the Sun, the Night and the Day are said to reside behind them. And thus we still describe the beginning and conclusion of the Day, by saying the Sun rises above the Eastern, or sinks behind the Western Hills.*

Milton

Milton *has not only made great use of Hesiod's Battle of the Gods, in his War between the good and bad Angels in his Paradise Lost, but almost literally translated the foregoing Incident.*

———There is a Cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,  
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge, &c.

Homer, lib. 21. of the Iliad, *has described a Battle between the Gods, perhaps less successfully than other Incidents of his inimitable Poem: Hesiod, upon comparison, will be found here, and here only, equal, if not superiour to that Poet in Sublimity. What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod, is, his want of Variety: Almost all his Images are drawn from Thunder, Earthquakes, and Conflagrations; which however noble, offend the Reader, by a too frequent Repetition: Whereas Homer abounds with a greater Variety, which arises from the greater Fertility of his Invention.*

*I will only add, that the four cardinal Winds, which are said to be of a gentle nature, and to be sent from Heav'n, are describ'd in that manner, to denote the Tranquillity of the superiour Regions; and that when the Poet tells us that Jupiter subdued the Titans, and reign'd in Peace, he means, that the superiour Elements, after their original Conflict in the Chaos, gain'd their natural Station, and continue in Tranquillity; or, in other Words, that whatever Commotions the inferiour Elements may occasion in the superiour, yet at last they settle into Order and Harmony.*





THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
GODS and TITANS:

*From the Theogony of HESIOD ; with a  
Description of Tartarus, &c.*

—μαχην δ' ἀμύχατον ἔγειραν  
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

NOW sounds the Vault of Heav'n with loud  
alarms,

And Gods by Gods embattling rush to Arms ;

Here stalk the *Titans* of portentous size,

Burst from their Dungeons, and assault the Skies ;

And



And there, unchain'd from *Erebus* and Night,  
 Auxiliar \* Giants aid the Gods in Fight:  
 An hundred Arms each tow'r-like Warrior rears,  
 And stares from fifty Heads amid the Stars;  
 The dreadful Brotherhood stern-frowning stands,  
 And hurls an hundred Rocks from hundred Hands:  
 The *Titans* rush'd with Fury uncontroll'd,  
 Gods sunk on Gods, o'er Giant Giant roul'd;  
 Then roar'd the Ocean with a dreadful Sound,  
 Heaven shook with all its Thrones, and groan'd the  
 Ground,  
 Trembled th' eternal Poles at ev'ry stroke,  
 And frighted Hell from its Foundations shook;  
 Noise, horrid Noise th' aerial Region fills,  
 Rocks dash on Rocks, and Hills encounter Hills;  
 Thro' Earth, Heav'n, Air tumultuous Clamours rise,  
 And Shouts of Battle thunder in the Skies:

\* *Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.*

Then

Then *Jove* Omnipotent display'd the God,  
And all *Olympus* trembled as he trod :  
He grasps ten thousand Thunders in his Hand,  
Bares his red Arm, and wields the forky Brand ;  
Then aims the Bolts, and bids his Lightnings play,  
They flash, and rend thro' Heav'n their flaming way :  
Redoubling Blow on Blow, in Wrath he moves,  
The sing'd Earth groans, and burns with all her  
Groves ;  
The Floods, the Billows boiling hiss with Fires,  
And bick'ring Flame, and smouldring Smoke aspires :  
A Night of Clouds blots out the golden Day ;  
Full in their Eyes the writhen Lightnings play,  
Ev'n Chaos burns : again Earth groans, Heav'n roars,  
As tumbling downward with its shining Tow'rs ;  
Or burst this Earth, torn from her central Place,  
With dire disruption from her deepest Base :

Nor slept the Wind : the Wind new Horrour forms,  
 Clouds dash on Clouds before th' outrageous Storms;  
 While tearing up the Sands, in drifts they rise,  
 And half the Desarts mount th' encumber'd Skies :  
 At once the Tempest bellows, Lightnings fly,  
 The Thunders roar, and Clouds involve the Sky ;  
 Stupendous were the Deeds of heav'nly might ;  
 What less, when Gods conflicting cope in Fight ?  
 Now Heav'n its Foes with horrid inroad gores,  
 And slow and sow'r recede the Giant Pow'rs ;  
 Here stalks *Ægeon*, here fierce *Gyges* moves,  
 There *Cottus* rends up Hills with all their Groves ;  
 These hurl'd at once against the *Titan* Bands  
 Three hundred Mountains from three hundred  
 Hands ;  
 And overshadowing, overwhelming bound  
 With Chains infrangible beneath the Ground ;

Below this Earth, far as Earth's Confines lie  
Thro' Space unmeasur'd, from the starry Sky ;  
Nine days an Anvil of enormous weight,  
Down rushing headlong from th' aereal height,  
Scarce reaches Earth : Thence tost in giddy rounds  
Scarce reaches in nine Days th' infernal Bounds ;  
A Wall of Iron of stupendous height  
Guards the dire Dungeons black with threefold night ;  
High o'er the Horrors of th' eternal Shade  
The stedfast Base of Earth, and Seas is laid,  
There in coercive durance *Jove* detains  
The groaning *Titans* in afflictive Chains.  
A Seat of Woe ! remote from chearful Day,  
Thro' Gulphs impassable, a boundless Way.

Above these Realms, a brazen Structure stands  
With brazen Portals, fram'd by *Neptune's* Hands ;

Thro'



Thro' Chaos to the Ocean's Base it swells,  
 There stern *Egeon* with his Giants dwells ;  
 Fierce Guards of *Jove* ! from hence the Fountains  
 rise

That wash the Earth, or wander through the Skies,  
 That groaning murmur thro' the Realm of Woes,  
 Or feed the Channels where the Ocean flows ;  
 Collected Horrors throng the dire Abodes,  
 Horrid and fell ! detested ev'n by Gods !  
 Enormous Gulph ! immense the Bounds appear,  
 Wasteful and void, the Journey of a Year :  
 Where beating Storms, as in wild Whirls they fight,  
 Toss the pale Wand'rer, and retoss thro' Night ;  
 The Pow'rs immortal with affright survey  
 The hideous Chasm, and seal it up from Day.

Hence thro' the Vault of Heaven huge *Atlas* rears  
 His giant Limbs, and props the golden Spheres :

Here fable Night, and here the beamy Day  
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway :  
A brazen Port the varying Pow'rs divides,  
When Day forth issues, here the Night resides;  
And when Night veils the Skies, obsequious Day,  
Re-entring, plunges from the starry way.  
She from her Lamp, with beaming Radiance bright,  
Pours o'er th' expanded Earth a flood of Light :  
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in Shades,  
Brother of death, and all that breathes invades :  
From her foul Womb they sprung, resistless Pow'rs,  
Nurs'd in the Horrors of *Tartarean* Bow'rs,  
Remote from Day, when with her flaming Wheels  
She mounts the Skies, or paints the Western hills :  
With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides  
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the spacious Tides ;  
The Friend of Life! Death unrelenting bears  
An iron Heart, and laughs at human Cares ;

She

She makes the mouldring Race of Man her Prey,  
And ev'n th' immortal Pow'rs detest her sway.

Thus fell the *Titans* from the Realms above,  
Beneath the Thunders of Almighty *Jove*;  
Then Earth impregnate, felt maternal Woes,  
And shook thro' all her frame with teeming Throes :  
Hence rose *Typhoeus*, a gigantic Birth,  
A Monster sprung from *Tartarus* and *Earth*,  
A Match for Gods in might ! on high he spreads  
From his huge Trunk an hundred Dragons Heads,  
And from an hundred Mouths in vengeance flings  
Envenom'd Foam, and darts an hundred Stings ;  
Horror, Terrific Frowns from every Brow,  
And like a Furnace his red Eye-balls glow ;  
Fires dart from every Crest, and as he turns  
Keen Splendours flash, and all the Giant burns :

Whene'er he speaks, in echoing Thunders rise  
An hundred Voices, and affright the Skies,  
Unutterably fierce! the bright Abodes  
Frequent they shake, and terrify the Gods:  
Now bellowing like a Savage Bull, they roar,  
Or angry Lions in the midnight hour;  
Now yell like furious Whelps, or hiss like Snakes,  
The Rocks rebound, and every Mountain shakes;  
He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal Pow'rs,  
And Heav'n had seiz'd with all its shining Tow'rs,  
But at the Voice of *Jove*, from Pole to Pole  
Red Lightnings flash, and raging Thunders roul,  
Rattling o'er all th' Expansion of the Skies,  
Bolt after Bolt o'er Earth and Ocean flies.  
Stern frowns the God amidst the Lightnings Blaze,  
*Olympus* shakes from his eternal Base;  
Trembles the Earth: fierce Flame involves the Poles,  
Devours the Ground, and o'er the Billows roul,

Fires



Fires from *Typhoeus* flash : with dreadful sound  
 Storms rattle, Thunder rous, and groans the Ground;  
 Above, below, the Conflagration roars,  
 Ev'n the Seas kindled burn thro' all their Shores,  
 Deluge of Fire! Earth rocks her Tottering Coasts,  
 And gloomy *Pluto* shakes with all his Ghosts;  
 Ev'n the pale *Titans*, chain'd on burning Flores,  
 Start at the Din that rends th' infernal Shores;  
 Then in full Wrath, *Jove* all the God applies,  
 And all his Thunders burst at once the Skies;  
 And rushing gloomy from th' *Olympian* Brow,  
 He blasts the Giant with th' Almighty Blow;  
 The Giant tumbling sinks beneath the Wound,  
 And with enormous ruin rocks the Ground:  
 Nor yet the Lightnings of th' Almighty stay,  
 Thro' the sing'd Earth they burst their burning way;  
 Earth kindling inward, melts in all her Caves,  
 And hissing floats with fierce Metallic Waves;

As Iron fusile from the Furnace flows,  
Or molten Oar with keen effulgence glows,  
When the dire Bolts of *Jove* stern *Vulcan* frames,  
In burning Channels roul the liquid Flames;  
Thus melted Earth, and *Jove* from Realms on high,  
Plung'd the huge Giant to the nether Sky.

Then from *Typhoeus* sprung the Winds that bear  
Storms on their Wings, and Thunder in the Air;  
But from the Gods descend of milder kind,  
The *East*, the *West*, the *South* and *Boreal* Wind;  
These in soft Whispers breathe a friendly Breeze,  
Play thro' the Groves, or sport upon the Seas:  
They fan the sultry Air with cooling Gales,  
And waft from Realm to Realm the flying Sails;  
The rest in Storms of sounding Whirlwinds fly,  
Toss the wild Waves, and battle in the Sky;

Fatal to Man! at once all Ocean roars,  
And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores.  
Then thundring o'er the Earth they rend their way,  
Grass, Herb, and Flow'r, beneath their Rage decay;  
While Tow'rs, and Domes, vain Boasts of Human  
Trust!

Torn from their inmost Base, are whelm'd in Dust.

Thus Heav'n asserted its eternal Reign,  
O'er the proud Giants, and *Titanic* Train;  
And now in Peace the Gods their *Jove* obey,  
And all the Thrones of Heav'n adore his Sway.



## *Advertisement.*

**T***He Translator has taken the Liberty in the following Version from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the Story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the Subject; yet hopes that a due Connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeas'd with these short Sketches from a Poet, who is affirm'd to be every where sublime, by no less a Critic than Longinus; and from whom many Verses are borrow'd by so great a Poet as Virgil.*





T H E  
L O V E  
O F

J A S O N *and* M E D E A.

From the Third B O O K, Verse 743, of  
*Apollonius Rhodius.*

---

Νύξ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγει κλέφας, &c.

---

N O W rising Shades a solemn Gloom display,  
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er th' ethereal  
Way ;

All Night the Sailor marks the Northern Team,  
And Golden Circlet of *Orion's* Beam :

A

A deep Repose the weary Watchman shares,  
And the faint Wand'rer sleeps away his Cares ;  
Ev'n the fond Mother, while all breathless lies  
Her Child of Love, in Slumber seals her Eyes ;  
No sound of Village-Dog, no noise invades  
The death-like Silence of the midnight Shades ;  
Alone *Medea* wakes : To Love a Prey,  
Restless she rouls, and groans the Night away :  
Now the fire-breathing Bulls command her Cares,  
She thinks on *Jason*, and for *Jason* fears :  
In sad Review, on Horrors Horrors rise,  
Quick beats her Heart, from Thought to Thought  
    she flies :

As from replenish'd Urns with dubious Ray,  
The Sun-beams dancing from the Surface play,  
Now here, now there the trembling Radiance falls  
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd Walls ;

Thus

Thus flutt'ring bounds the trembling Virgin's Blood,  
And from her shining Eyes descends a Flood :  
Now raving with resistless Flames she glows,  
Now sick with Love she melts with softer Woes :  
The Tyrant God, of every Thought possess'd,  
Beats in each Pulse, and stings and racks her Breast :  
Now she resolves the Magic to betray  
To tame the Bulls, now yield him up a Prey :  
Again the Drugs disdaining to supply,  
She loaths the Light, and meditates to die :  
Anon, repelling with a brave Disdain  
The coward Thought, she nourishes the Pain :  
Thus tost, retost with furious Storms of Cares,  
On the cold Ground she rous, and thus with Tears :

Ah me ! where'er I turn, before my Eyes  
A dreadful View, on Sorrows Sorrows rise !

Tost

Toft in a giddy Whirl of ftrong Defire,  
I glow, I burn, yet blefs the pleafing Fire;  
O had this Spirit from its Prifon fled,  
By *Dian* fent to wander with the Dead,  
E'er the proud *Grecians* view'd the *Cholcian* Skies,  
E'er *Jaſon*, lovely *Jaſon* met theſe Eyes!  
Hell gave the ſhining Miſchief to our Coaſt,  
*Medea* ſaw him, and *Medea's* loſt——  
But why theſe Sorrows? if the Pow'rs on high  
His Death decree, die, wretched *Jaſon* die!  
Shall I elude my Sire? my Art betray?  
Ah! me, what Words ſhall purge the Guilt away!  
But could I yield——O whither muſt I run  
To find the Man——whom Virtue bids me ſhun?  
Shall I, all loſt to Shame, to *Jaſon* fly?  
And yet I muſt——If *Jaſon* bleeds, I die!  
Then Shame farewell! Adieu for ever Fame!  
Hail black Diſgrace! be fam'd for Guilt my Name!

Live,



Live, *Jason*, live! enjoy the vital Air!  
 Live thro' my aid! and fly where Winds can bear;  
 But when he flies, ye Poisons lend your Pow'rs,  
 That Day, *Medea* treads th' infernal Shores!  
 Then, wretched Maid, thy Lot is endless Shame,  
 Then the proud Dames of *Cholchos* blast thy Name:  
 I hear them cry—— ' The false *Medea's* dead,  
 ' Thro' guilty Passion for a Stranger's Bed;  
 ' *Medea* careless of her Virgin Fame,  
 ' Prefer'd a Stranger to a Father's Name!  
 O may I rather yield this vital Breath,  
 Than bear that base Dishonour, worse than Death!

Thus wail'd the Fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy  
 Drugs foes to Life, and potent to destroy,  
 A Magazine of Death! again she pours  
 From her swoln Eye-balls Tears in shining show'rs;

With

With Grief insatiate, and with trembling Hands,  
All comfortless the Cask of Death expands :  
A sudden Fear her labouring Soul invades,  
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal Shades :  
She stands deep-musing with a faded Brow,  
Absorpt in Thought, a Monument of Woe !  
While all the Comforts that on Life attend,  
The chearful Converse, and the faithful Friend,  
By Thought deep-imag'd in her Bosom play,  
Endearing Life, and charm Despair away :  
Th' all-chearing Suns with sweeter Light arise,  
And every Object brightens to her Eyes :  
Then from her Hand the baneful Drugs she throws,  
Consents to live, recover'd from her Woes ;  
Resolv'd the magic Virtue to betray,  
She waits the Dawn, and calls the lazy Day :  
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his Wheels ;  
The Hours she chides, and eyes the Eastern Hills.

At

At length the Dawn with orient Beams appears,  
The Shades disperse, and Man awakes to Cares.  
Studious to please, her graceful length of Hair  
With Art she binds, that wanton'd with the Air ;  
From her soft Cheek she wipes the Tear away,  
And bids keen Lightnings from her Eyes to play ;  
From Limb to Limb refreshing Unguents pours,  
Unguents, that breath of Heav'n, in copious Show'rs ;  
Her Robe she next assumes ; bright Clasps of Gold  
Close to the less'ning Waist the Robe infold ;  
Down from her swelling Loins, the rest unbound  
Floats in rich Waves redundant o'er the Ground :  
Last, with a shining Veil her Cheeks she shades,  
Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.

Thus forward moves the fairest of her Kind,  
Blind to the future, to the present blind ;  
Twelve Maids, Attendants on her Virgin Bow'r,  
Alike unconscious of the bridal Hour,

Join to the Car the Mules ; dire Rites to pay,  
 To *Hecate's* black Fane she bends her way ;  
 A Juice she bears, whose magic Virtue tames  
 (Thro' fell *Persephone*) the Rage of Flames ;  
 It gives the Hero, strong in matchless Might,  
 To stand secure of Harms in mortal Fight ;  
 It mocks the Sword ; the Sword without a Wound,  
 Leaps as from Marble shiver'd to the Ground :  
 She mounts the Car, nor rode the Nymph alone,  
 On either side two lovely Damsels shone :  
 Her Hand with Skill th' embroider'd Rein controuls,  
 Back fly the Streets, as swift the Chariot rouls.  
 Along the Wheel-worn Road they hold their way,  
 The Domes retreat, the sinking Tow'rs decay :  
 Bare to the Knee succinct a Damsel Train  
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the Plain.  
 As when her Limbs Divine, *Diana* laves  
 In fair *Parthenius*, or th' *Amnesian* Waves,  
 Sublime in Royal State the bounding Roes  
 Whirl her bright Car along the Mountain Brows ;

Swift



Swift to her Fane in Pomp the Goddess moves,  
The Nymphs attend that haunt the shady Groves;  
Th' *Amnesian* Fount, or silver-streaming Rills,  
Nymphs of the Vales, or *Oreads* of the Hills:  
The fawning Beasts before the Goddess play,  
Or trembling, savage Adoration pay;  
Thus on her Car sublime the Nymph appears,  
The Croud falls back, and as she moves, reveres:  
Swift to the Fane aloft her Course she bends;  
The Fane she reaches, and to Earth descends:  
Then to her Train——Ah me! I fear we stray,  
Mistled by Folly to this lonely Way!  
Alas! should *Jason* with his *Greeks* appear,  
Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!  
No more the *Cholchian* Youths, and Virgin Train,  
Haunt the cool Shade, or tread in Dance the Plain:  
But since alone;——with Sports beguile the Hours,  
Come chaunt the Song, or pluck the blooming  
Flow'rs,  
Pluck every Sweet, to deck your Virgin Bow'rs!  
R 2 Then

Then warbling soft, she lifts her heav'nly Voice,  
But sick with mighty Love, the Song is Noise;  
She hears from every Note a Discord rise,  
Till pausing, on her Tongue the Music dies;  
She hates each Object, every Face offends,  
In every Wish, her Soul to *Jason* sends;  
With sharpen'd Eyes the distant Lawn explores,  
To find the Object whom her Soul adores;  
At every Whisper of the passing Air,  
She starts, she turns, and hopes her *Jason* there;  
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain,  
He comes, her *Jason* shines along the Plain:  
As when emerging from the watry Way,  
Refulgent *Sirius* lifts his golden Ray,  
He shines terrific! for his burning Breath  
Taints the red Air with Feavers, Plagues, and Death;  
Such to the Nymph approaching *Jason* shows,  
Bright Author of unutterable Woes;  
Before her Eyes a swimming Darkness spread,  
Her flush'd Cheek glow'd, her very Heart was dead;

No more her Knees their wonted Office knew,  
 Fix'd, without Motion, as to Earth she grew;  
 Her Train recedes : the meeting Lovers gaze  
 In silent Wonder, and in still Amaze :  
 As two fair Cedars on the Mountain's Brow,  
 Pride of the Groves ! with Roots adjoining grow ;  
 Erect and motionless the stately Trees  
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning Breeze,  
 Till from th' *Æolian* Caves a Blast unbound  
 Bends their proud Tops, and bids their Boughs re-  
 found ;

Thus gazing they : till by the Breath of Love  
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move :  
 With Smiles the Love-sick Virgin he survey'd,  
 And fondly thus address the blooming Maid.

Dismiss, my Fair, my Love, thy Virgin Fear ;  
 'Tis *Jason* speaks, no Enemy is here !

Man,

Man, haughty Man, is of obdurate kind,  
But *Jason* bears no proud, inhuman Mind,  
By gentlest Manners, softest Arts refin'd.  
Whom woud'st thou fly? Stay, lovely Virgin, stay!  
Speak every Thought! far hence be Fears away!  
Speak! and be Truth in every Accent found!  
Dread to deceive! we tread on \* hallow'd Ground.  
By the stern Pow'r who guards this sacred Place,  
By the illustrious Authors of thy Race;  
By *Jove*, to whom the Stranger's Cause belongs,  
To whom the Suppliant, and who feels their  
Wrongs;  
O guard me, save me, in the needful Hour!  
Without thy Aid, thy *Jason* is no more;  
To thee a Suppliant, in distress I bend,  
To thee a Stranger, and who wants a Friend!  
Then, when between us Seas and Mountains rise,  
*Medea's* Name shall sound in distant Skies;

\* Temple of *Hecate*,



All *Greece* to thee shall owe her Heroes Fates,  
And bleſs *Medea* thro' her hundred States.  
The Mother and the Wife, who now in vain  
Rowl their ſad Eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the Main,  
Shall ſtay their Tears : The Mother, and the Wife,  
Shall bleſs thee for a Son's or Husband's Life !  
Fair *Ariadne*, ſprung from *Minos*' Bed,  
Say'd the brave *Theſeus*, and with *Theſeus* fled,  
Forſook her Father, and her native Plain,  
And ſtem'd the Tumults of the ſurging Main ;  
Yet the ſtern Sire relented, and forgave  
The Maid, whoſe only Crime it was to ſave ;  
Ev'n the juſt Gods forgave : and now on high  
A Star ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the Sky :  
What Bleſſings then ſhall righteous Heav'n decree  
For all our Heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by Thee ?  
Heav'n gave thee not to kill, ſo ſoft an Air,  
And Cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair !

He ceas'd, but left so charming on her Ear  
 His Voice, that list'ning still she seem'd to hear;  
 Her Eye to Earth she bends with modest Grace,  
 And Heav'n in Smiles is open'd in her Face.  
 A Look she steals; but rosy Blushes spread  
 O'er her fair Check, and then she hangs her Head;  
 A thousand Words at once to speak she tries;  
 In vain——but speaks a thousand with her Eyes;  
 Trembling the shining Casket she expands,  
 Then gives the Magic Virtue to his Hands;  
 And had the Pow'r been granted to convey  
 Her Heart——had giv'n her very Heart away.

F I N I S.

